THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER IX.

It was in the month of February, 1845, that the first of the four voluminous reports was published by the Land Tenure Commission. Sir Robert Peel was prime minister, Lord Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) was colonial secretary. In England, the Repeal agitation was still regarded as formidable. Twenty-six of the hundred and five Irish members of parliament were declared and enrolled Repealers, and these, despairing of influencing the course of Imperial legislation by attending the London parliament, gave their attendance in "Conciliation Hall," along with O'Connell and O'Brien, or else stayed at home. O'Brien, zealously aided by Davis and his friends in the *Nation* office, and by John O'Connell, was laboring on the committee of the association, whose reports and pamphlets, widely circulated among the people, were diffusing sound information upon the national resources of the island, and the state of the account lying open between Ireland and England. Mainly through the exertions of Davis, "Repeal Reading Rooms" sprang up in every town, and a club was formed, which called itself the "Eight[y]-two Club," in honor of the era of Ireland's Independence (1782). The members of the club attended public meetings and festivals in a dark green uniform, adorned with gold lace, and the uniform cap resembled the forage-cap of an officer of hussars. Mr. Grey Porter, a gentleman of large property in Fermanagh, and son to the bishop of Clogher, joined the association, and forthwith published a pamphlet, propounding, among other things, that Ireland ought to have a national militia of 100,000 men. Men's thoughts were tending towards battle, the agitation was beginning, notwithstanding all the Head Pacificator's labors, to assume a semi military look; and this hardly alarmed the English more than it alarmed O'Connell. He loved not that "Eighty-two Club," with its forage cap, but seeing he could not prevent its formation, he accepted—that is, assumed—the presidency of it, and soon took care to swamp it with his own peaceful and constitutional creatures.

Grey Porter's pamphlets were stirring and bold, and his ideas about the militia were welcomed warmly and passionately by Davis. "Honor to Mr. Porter," he wrote, "for having had the manliness to propose what thousands thought but spoke not." His appeals to his fellow-Protestants were strong and warm. His first pamphlet says:

"At present the Irish Protestants have a great deal of smothered national feeling. They may be distinct from their Catholic countrymen—they are equally so from the natives of England. Their psychology is national, though their politics are imperial. They have more self-control, more self reliance than their Catholic countrymen; but who that is familiar with their minds but knows that they are full of Irish ardor—of Irish love of whatever is dashing and splendid, and that in favorable circumstances they are just the body who, backed by the Catholic multitudes, would achieve a revolution in Ireland, whose vibrations would be felt wherever a single foundation of British empire has been laid? It would certainly be a most magnificent consummation of Irish history, if that proud and fiery body, the Protestants of Ireland, should, inflamed by a generous nationality, marshal in the ranks of their Catholic countrymen—unfurl the standard of Orange and Green, and casting off the shackles of England, display their hereditary valor in fields that would eclipse the glories of Derry and the Boyne."

All this talk about unsurling standards and the like was highly distasteful to O'Connell; and the "Head Pacificator" snuffed carnage. But O'Brien hailed with a calm smile the evident progress of the true gospel of manhood, and the *Nation* busied itself in potenting out and enumerating the militia force of all the countries of Europe, and telling how even the British Colonies, Canada and the West Indies islands were guarded by that indispensable kind of force. To exhibit and prove all this was easy; but all the while there was the Disarming Act, and the crime of training or drilling in Ireland was felony, punishable by transportation.

Still the enemy looked on not without uneasiness. It was to them very evident that they held Ireland only by the tenure of O'Connell's life, and therefore it became highly necessary to break up the organization before the agitator's death.

The extermination of tenantry, which was expected to follow Lord Devon's report, might be too slow for their purposes, though it was quite sure. The "Report" was in the mouths of all, and was precisely such as Sir Robert Peel had expected, and intended to get, from Irish landlords. It was a report of foxes upon a flock of geese, and it clearly appeared in its pages that the geese had nothing to say for themselves why judgment should not be passed upon them, to be devoured whole, with the feathers. Upon that report Sir Robert was determined, indeed, to act, and did act with sweeping effect. But in the meantime, something must be done to divide and distract the Repeal cause. The people were becoming perilously organized, and any accident might in a moment shiver to atoms the "ethical experiment of moral force."

Danger threatened from the side of America. President Polk had declared that the American title to the Oregon territory, up to a certain line of latitude, was "clear and unquestionable." Sir Robert Peel had declared that a great portion of what was so claimed belonged to England, and England would defend it. Now, there had sprung up, within two or three years, a close correspondence and alliance between the Irish in America and the Irish at home, and encouraging and inspiring addresses were regularly sent over, accompanied by large remittances of money. The addresses were generally written by Robert Tyler, who was then, as he is yet, a warm and disinterested friend of the Irish race. O'Connell was glad to get the money; but the tone of the addresses sometimes made his old brown wig stand on end, and the poor "Head Pacificator" snorted with alarm for the "ethereal and balmy principle." The *Nation* gave unmistakable notification that in case of war about Oregon, the Americans might count upon a diversion in Ireland.

Suddenly, Sir Robert Peel's ministerial organs announced that there were "good measures," or what the English call "ameliorations," in store for Ireland. And in truth three measures, having much show of liberality, were soon brought forward. They were all cunningly calculated to the great end—the breaking up of our Repeal organization. On April 2, then, Sir Robert "sent a message of peace to Ireland;" it was a proposed bill to give some additional thousands per annum to the Catholic college of Maynooth, and in the house of commons the premier thus urged his measure:

"I say this without hesitation, and recollect that we have been responsible for the peace of Ireland; you must, in some way or other, break up that formidable confederacy which exists against the British government and British connection (hear, hear). I do not believe you can break it up by force. You can do much to break it up by acting in a spirit of kindness, and forbearance, and generosity" (cheers).

It was novel to hear these good words, and we know they meant fraud. But the premier continued:

"There rises in the far western horizon a cloud [Oregon], small, indeed, but threatening future storms. It became my duty on the part of the government, on that day, in temperate but significant language, to depart so far from the caution which is usually observed by a minister, as to declare publicly, that while we were most anxious for the amicable adjustment of the differences—while we would leave nothing undone to effect that amicable adjustment—yet, if our rights were invaded, we were prepared and determined to maintain them (loud cheers). I own to you, that when I was called upon to make that declaration, I did recollect, with satisfaction and consolation, that the day before I had sent a message of peace to Ireland."

The object of the bill was to provide more largely for the endowment of Catholic professors and the education of young men for the Catholic church, and the minister prudently calculated that it would cool the ardor of a portion of the Catholic clergy for Repeal of the Union. It was forced through both lords and commons as a party question, though vehemently opposed by the intense bigotry and ignorance of the English nation. But the premier put it to them in that irresistible form—Vote for our measure, or we will not answer for the Union!

Another of the premier's ameliorations was the Colleges Bill for creating and endowing three purely secular colleges in Ireland, to give a good course of education without references to religious belief. This also was sure to be regarded as a great boon by a portion of the Catholic clergy, while another portion was just as sure to object violently to the whole scheme, some because it would place education too much under the control of the English government, and others because the education was to be "mixed," strict Catholics being much in favor of educating Catholic youth separately. Here then was a fruitful source of quarrel among Repealers, and in fact it arrayed bishop against bishop, and O'Connell against "Young Ireland." The walls of Conciliation Hall rung with denunciations, not of the Union, but of "Godless colleges," and of "the young infidel party."

But the premier had another plot in operation. For ages Protestant England had refused to recognize the Pope as a Sovereign, or to send a minister to the vatican. It was still illegal to send an avowed minister, but Sir Robert sent a secret one. He was to induce his Holiness to take some order with the Catholic bishops and priests of Ireland, to draw them off in some degree from the Repeal agitation. By what motives and inducements that agent operated upon the Pope one can only conjecture, and my conjecture is this: Italy was then in continual danger of revolution; if Sardinia and Naples should whip out their kings, the Pope would not be safe. Within the year that had passed, England had demonstrated that she held in her hand the clue to all those Republican conspiracies, by her post-office espionage, and it was evident that the same Sir James Graham, who had copied the private correspondence of Mazzini and the Bandieras, and laid it all before the King of Naples, could as easily have kept it all to himself. Highly desirable, surely, that "peace, law and order" in Italy should secure so useful a friend.

In short the Sacred college sent a rescript to the Irish clergy, declaring that whereas it had been reported to his Holiness that many of them devoted themselves too much to politics and spoke too rashly in public concerning affairs of State, they were thereafter to attend to their religious duties. It was carefully given out, in the English press, that the Pope had denounced the Repeal; if he had done so nobody would have minded it, because Catholics do not admit his jurisdiction in temporal affairs. Hear how MacNevin, a young Catholic lawyer, spoke of this fulmination on its first appearance, and while yet it was generally believed to be directly aimed against the Repeal agitation:

"By whom was the Holy Father informed that certain prelates were 'nimium addicti politicis negotiis et minus prudentes de republica,' which I translate Repeal (cheers)? By whose whisperings did he learn that the Bishop of Ardagh or the priest of Clontibret were too prominent or too imprudent? We are informed, sir, that there is an English emissary—shall I say spy? It is now an established English functionary—at Rome (loud cheers). Is his the discretion which guides the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda? Do not suppose, for a moment, that I question the supremacy of the Pope in religious matters. Surely nothing is farther from my mind. But, sir, I do question his right to dictate to an Irish clergymen the degree of prominence or prudence with which he shall serve his country. I hope I am not irreverent in doing so. I shall continue to hold my opinion until I am authoritatively informed that he has the right—then I shall be silent. But I never heard before, and it will be a singular doctrine, in my view of the case, that his Holiness can take cognisance of the political movements of the Irish people, and use his influence to disarrange the powers we bring to bear in favor of our liberty (cheers). Now, mark who will applaud this repressive movement the most—why, the men who for centuries have denounced you, and falsely denounced you, as being under the influence of the temporal power of Rome. They made it high treason to communicate with Rome; they sank to the mean vulgarity of withholding the usual diplomatic relations between European courts; they invented a præmunire to keep out the corruption of the Seven hilled city, but they are now moving every engine to induce the Pope to lend a hand at suppressing Repeal. I beg to tell them, neither he nor they can do it (tremendous applause). If our liberty depended on a monarch or a mob—if it waited on the dictum of a prelate or a Pope—if it could be wrested from us by intrigue—if it were not a thing to be won and kept by honor, and courage, and fidelity—I would prefer to see the country remain the comfortable servant of England, with a little better food, and a degree of higher wages (cheers)."

It was soon settled, however, that the Rescript had no such power, and presumed that it had no such intention, on the part of the Pope, yet a certain prudent reserve began to be observable in the Repeal speeches of the clergy. So far the premier's Roman policy had succeeded.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

MR KILLELEA'S VIEWS.

He Thinks Nothing Can be Done for Ireland in America Without Solid Union of the Irish Party.

[*To the Editor.*]

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 31.—The cable telegraph news from London, under date of July 30, informs us that Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., states in his London newspaper that Mr. John Dillon speaks confidently of the renewal of American subscriptions to the fund of the Irish party, on the old scale. I only wish, and I know that it would be the wish of every Irish-American who loves the land of his birth, and supports the Irish cause, that Mr. Dillon was giving that statement from an authority which was true. Had Mr. Dillon and Mr. William O'Brien taken a neutral stand when they came out of Galway jail, independently of either faction, in trying to bring about reconciliation of both factions, and appealed to their kindred in America to aid them financially and otherwise, the masses of the National element in this country would have come to their aid, and unity would have been effected before the general election, and saved the Irish party five members of parliament which they lost to the Tory party.

Who are the parties that sent their money to Mr. Dillon to carry on their late election in Ireland? We are informed that Mr. Eugene Kelly, of New York, has given and forwarded $25,000. Good for Mr. Kelly; I only wish that we had more men in the United States so liberal with their money in giving it to Ireland. We are also informed that the people of Boston have subscribed $12,000 to the Irish elections. Good for Boston.

But Mr. Eugene Kelly of New York and the Boston people are not the great masses of the Irish-American people of this great country. When the Irish people, and the Irish Parliamentary party in Ireland were united, let us see what had been done in the States in aiding the cause. I shall call upon THE CITIZEN for my authority in making these statements: The Irish National Convention was held in Chicago, at McCormick's Hall, Nov. 29-30, and Dec 1, 1881; from it resulted the sum of $500,000; also large sums from the convention that was held in Chicago in August, 1886, besides what money has been realized at National demonstrations under the auspices of the United Irish Societies of Chicago, and given to the Irish cause; and the other grand National League conventions that were held in Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, and other cities through this country since 1865. What enthusiasm filled the hearts of the delegates who attended those conventions!

See what was adopted at the recent meeting in Boston, which subscribed the $12,000 I speak of, and telegraphed it to Ireland. It was declared "That the so-called Peace Commission had no authority to speak for America." A cablegram to this effect was sent to Messrs McCarthy and Dillon. That looks a good deal like unity coming from that meeting in Boston. I thought the people of Boston would not allow the idea of proscription among them; it is bad enough for the people in Ireland to have such ideas without the disease coming to this country.

There is not a true Irish-American Nationalist but who is well pleased to see Mr. Gladstone and his party returned to power, so that the Irish people in Ireland, and also the friends of Ireland in this country, can see what Gladstone and his party will do for Ireland. It is the strong wish of every Irish-American in the United States that unity shall be effected yet once more among the Irish Parliamentary party; but when reconciliation comes, as THE CITIZEN stated when that unhappy crisis came upon Ireland, it must be a union of hearts; any union to be effective must spring from the hearts of the people.

It has been the custom at Irish National demonstrations in Chicago to adopt resolutions sympathizing with Ireland in her struggle for liberty. I do hope there will be embodied in the set of resolutions that will be adopted Aug. 15 next, one giving the people of Ireland to understand that the kind of union the people of this country wish is a union of heads and hearts; so that when Ireland sends her delegations to this country to solicit aid for the Irish cause, those delegates will know what kind of union their kindred in America desire;—not a union of proscriptionists but a union of true Irish patriots from one end of Ireland to the other.

JAMES KILLELEA,
President Parnell Branch of Nashville.

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A HERO'S TRIBUTE.

General Walker, of Boston, Formerly Adgt.-Gen. of the Second Corps, Eulogizes Irish Valor.

His Audience the Anti-Irish Students of Trinity College, Dublin.

Of the addresses delivered during the recent celebration in Dublin, of the Tercentenary of the foundation of Trinity College, one of the most eloquent, as well as by far the most interesting to the masses of the Irish people, was that splendid panegyric on Irish valor and worth pronounced by General Walker, of Boston, Mass.

"When I set out from home," said he, "to attend these interesting exercises I left a country which holds more men of Irish blood than Ireland itself contains. We were told many times yesterday in Leinster Hall that learning is without nationality and that scholarship knows no division of race or speech. In a way—and that a long way—and in a sense—and that a large sense—this is true. Yet blood is thicker than water, and I come before the undergraduates of Trinity this morning with an added confidence in their kind reception of me because I am an American. I cannot but believe that you will be glad to get a message from over the Atlantic—the wide, wide Atlantic, which so many hundreds of thousands of your countrymen have crossed to what was, at first, weary and heartbreaking exile, as sung by your own tender poet, Moore, but who found in the new world a home and friends, and achieved there comfort and wealth such as they could not even have dreamed of in the old. There is one reason, and one only, why I, of all the American delegates, should convey this message to you. I beg you to believe that it is not to boast my own humble services that I make mention of it, but solely to solicit your interest, and to make myself at home for the moment with you, if I may. For two and a half years of desperate war it was my privilege to serve as the adjutant-general of that army corps designated as the Second in the armies of the United States, which comprised both of the two distinctively and exclusively Irish brigades (applause), which were formed for the maintenance of the unity of the American nation—the brigade of the brilliant Thomas Francis Meagher—and that of the severe, indomitable Michael Corcoran. During all that time I wore upon my breast as the official cognizance of my corps, the shamrock of Ireland (applause.) In those two and a half years what prodigies of valor were witnessed on the part of those heroic regiments! Even their very numbers were the best known in the military history of Ireland. Had we not our own 69th, our own 88th regiments, in which every man was an Irishman, from the colonel to the youngest drummer boy? Never while memory holds her seat shall I forget the ringing cheer with which, on the field of Fredericksburg, the brigade of Meagher, every man with a sprig of green in his cap, the Green Flag of Ireland waving side by side with the Stars and Stripes (applause) swept over the low crest which had sheltered it in its formation, and charged forward over a plain swept from end to end by direct and enfilading fires, up against the sunken road and stone fence held by four ranks of veteran riflemen, the flower of the Southern chivalry.

'Gentlemen, you doubtless know by heart the story of Irish valor as illustrated in India, on the Flemish frontier, in the Crimea, and on a hundred battlefields. But I fear you know little of what your countrymen did to maintain the integrity of the great nation of the West, and to rescue the cause of human liberty from one of the direst perils it has ever encountered. Glad am I, after carrying these memories in my heart for nearly thirty years, to tell this brief story for the first time to an audience of Irishmen in Ireland.

'But, gentlemen, what Irishmen have done for America in arms—splendid and honorable as that has been—is yet little in comparison with what Irishmen in America have done for the upholding of great free States, magnificent in their present wealth and strength, and with possibilities of greatness and glory for the future which transcend imagination. The boundless energy, the splendid enthusiasm, the daring enterprise of Irishmen have largely contributed to enable us to conquer the wilderness, to raise mighty cities out of the doze of inland seas, and to carry the banner of civilization continuously forward against savage nature and savage man. If the American people have pressed their frontier two thousand miles in length, forward and westward, by so much as two and even three degrees of longitude in a single decade; in so brief a space, occupying for the first time a territory as large as Sweden, with all its barren mountains, as large even as the great historic Kingdom of Spain, it has, in no small measure, been due to the courage, the exuberant energy, the unfaltering faith of American Irishmen, seeking in the New World opportunities and privileges which had not been accorded them in the old. I know it is not unusual in the academic circles to disparage, if not to despise, the triumphs of material power, even in useful and beneficent avocations; but you will, perhaps, excuse a professional economist and statistician for thinking there are are a few things in science or art finer or grander than this building up of a great nation in the wilderness; and in that gigantic achievement, gentlemen of Dublin University, your countrymen have borne a distinguished and honorable part." General Walker concluded his eloquent tribute to the Irish-American people amid a hurricane of applause.

Division No. 6, A.O.H.

At the usual monthly meeting to be held tomorrow (Sunday, Aug. 7) the annual election of officers will take place. The committee having charge of the picnic will report, and a resolution on the home for Mrs. Daniel Curley will be submitted to the members. A full attendance is expected. PETER QUIGLEY, Sec'y.

THE IRISH NINTH.

BY JAMES JEFFERY ROCAP.

[Poem read at the twenty-first annual reunion of the Ninth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, by the author.]

In the days when wisdom sprang to birth
Full grown, with never a natal pain,
When homespun statesmen ruled the earth,
With an inch of brow and an ounce of brain.

A governor, wise and good as great
(Fate was kind to the nation then),
Arose in his might and saved the state,
Disarming the dangerous alien men.

The flags were furled the swords were sheathed,
The guns were stacked that the exiles bore,
And the anxious patriot freely breathed,
For the State was safe forevermore.

Suddenly, up from the Sunny South,
Came an angry cry one April morn;
Treason spoke by the cannon's mouth,
And, strange to say, it was native born!

The homespun statesman forgot his fear
When the exiles took up their arms again;
The anxious patriot crept to the rear,
For only the brave were wanted then.

Tattered and old are the flags you bore;
Many a rent of shot and shell.
Smirch of powder and stain of gore
The deeds of the Irish soldiers tell.

Gettysburg saw your fierce assault;
Antietam knew, and the Wilderness,
How quick to follow, how slow to halt,
How brave and blithe in the sorest stress

The banner of Green was foremost still;
With forty battles its green was red—
Reddest of all at Gaines's Mill,
Where the Irish Ninth in rows lay dead.

The fight is fought and the strife is o'er.
Proudly you stand in all men's sight;
But the bigot whispers his hate once more
Plotting foul deeds that fear the light.

Again the hiss of the copperhead,
Again the fangs of the evil thing;
For the reptile crushed and left for dead
Will wriggle in hate till evening.

The sorrow is ours, but not the shame,
When fool and demagogue—cowards all—
Hiss our Sheridan's dying name
In Liberty's desecrated hall.

We have heard that venomous sound of old;
Ere we crushed the snake with an armed heel;
It was borne on bullets of British mold,
It rang in the clash of British steel.

It rose defiant when loyal lives
Went out in battle or prison cell,
In the clank of Libby's Sheffield gyves,
In the Alabama's dying knell.

O Bigot, taunting in sudden zeal
Your brand-new banner in the sun,
How can you know the love we feel
For the flag we lifted in Sixty-one?

Only the true may know the pride
That fills the heart in an honest breast;
When love distrusted is justified,
And fire's ordeal is duty's test.

THE PARLIAMENTARY OUTLOOK.

[*To the Editor.*]

Suggestions have been made that Lord Salisbury need not resign, since the majority against him is merely Irish, and that he should prorogue parliament till February, hoping for Gladstone's death or internal disintegration of the Liberals, in the interval. These suggestions are absurd, yet the Tories, instead of "throwing up the sponge" when the constituencies have spoken, seem determined to wait for an adverse vote before resigning. Even thus, they might constitutionally demand of the queen a dissolution of parliament. It is in a crisis like this that a cool, dispassionate, inexorable, and clear headed leader, like Parnell, would show his powers. He never had such a chance as the Irish party has now.

It is hardly ever remembered that parliament cannot be prorogued until it is constituted, or organized, by the election of its speaker and the swearing in of its members. We hear of the likelihood of an amendment to the address or a motion of "no confidence." But if Salisbury is defeated on such a motion, he may dissolve instead of resign.

There is an earlier test vote than on the address: on the election of speaker. The Tories will have to propose their man, and the Liberals should reject him. If they are allowed to have their friend in the chair, under the present rules, the speaker will more than countervail Gladstone's majority of forty. The Irish members have now the power to insist that Mr. Gladstone shall not acquiesce in the re-election of Speaker Peel. While he was in the chair he was invariably unfair and discourteous to Irish members. The principle that every member of parliament, no matter what his party affiliation or where his constituency, should be treated like every other member, is one that the Irish and Radicals must uphold. Peel was a Liberal, but "ratted" from his party and betrayed his constituents. Salisbury may make him a peer, but he should not be allowed to again make him the first commoner in the United Kingdom. Political gratitude is a good thing, but political Nemesis is a better.

At the very beginning of the proceedings, the fight should open. The Liberals would be fools to forego the advantage of having one of their own party in the chair. The Irish would be fools to allow their old enemy another opportunity to spurn and spit on them. And Salisbury should be deprived of the chance of telling the queen that the commons had the ill-taste to dissent from her royal speech, and of the chance of having a good cry with which to go again to the country. W.

THE JEWS IN IRELAND.

One curious point has been overlooked in the so called Jewish aspect of the present general election. It was not the English Liberals who first took up the cause of Jewish Emancipation. The credit for that initiative belongs to the old Irish House of Commons which was abolished at the Union, and which Mr. Gladstone would now resuscitate. As early as 1745 a bill for the naturalization of persons professing the Jewish religion was introduced into the Irish Parliament. This was the first measure of its kind to see the light in the British Isles, and it was passed within a week of its introduction. Unfortunately the Irish Peers, like their English colleagues of a later date, were not so liberal as the Commons, and they threw out the bill. Nothing daunted, the Ministry again brought the measure forward in the following year and, in order to show the determined spirit in which they had set their minds to the work, the Commons carried it without a division in three days. The Peers, however, were equally resolved, and once again the bill was defeated. In 1747 a similar fate befell the bill. Nothing more was heard of the movement, and it was not until six years later that Mr. Pelham in London made a like attempt to emancipate the Jews with very much the same result. We have still in the Anglo-Jewish community a relic of this early attempt to emancipate the Jews in the shape of the Board of Deputies, which was started in 1745 as a "Committee of Diligence," to watch the progress of the Irish bill, and to assist their friends in College Green to agitate against a stubborn and intolerant House of Peers. So little is known of the early history of our co-religionists in Ireland that it is difficult to say whether the Dublin Parliament, in undertaking this Judeophil movement, was merely acting on principle or had any practical ends to serve. Mr. Picciotto says "that there were few resident Jews in Ireland at the time." It is certain, however, that there was a congregation in Dublin which was already of some antiquity. The old burial ground at the foot of Ballybough Bridge, which has a very romantic history, was founded in 1727. In 1722 there was a Rabbi of Dublin named Hirsch, one of whose *responsa* is quoted by Low in his *Graphische Requisiten*. Still earlier—in 1707—we find in Uri Phœbus, a reference to Rabbi Aaron, the scribe, of Dublin. There were even Jews in Ireland during the so called Middle Age. One of them, David Sollom, was a prosperous merchant, and owned land in Meath. His descendants, through his only daughter Esther, are still living. All this tends to show that there was probably a Jewish community of some standing in Dublin in 1745, and that the Irish House of Commons was not making an altogether platonic demonstration in favor of Religious Liberty when they proceed to naturalize their Hebrew fellow citizens.—*The London Jewish Chronicle.*

Let There Be Peace

In the gastric region. If troubled with nausea from sea sickness, biliousness or other cause, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will immediately put a stop to the stomachic disturbance. A prominent and most unpleasant feature of liver complaint is nausea in the morning. The symptoms disappear and the cause is removed by the Bitters. Many persons have very delicate stomachs which trifling indiscretions in eating or drinking, or even some slight that is repulsive, disorders. Such persons cannot act more wisely than to invigorate their digestive region with the Bitters, a tonic specially adapted to reinforce it. For malaria, rheumatism, kidney troubles and nervousness the Bitters will be found marvellously beneficial, and when sleep is untranquil and appetite variable it soon improves both. It is in fact a most comprehensive and delightful remedy.

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At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

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THE BRITISH LIBRARY

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER VII—(Continued)

"Do you think, sergeant, will it be much longer till we're sent forward?" inquired Murty McAndrew in an excited whisper of our hero.

"I haven't the least idea, Murty."

"Bedad," grumbled the scion of the Clan Andrew, "if this is war I'm nearly sick of it already. What are we kept standing here for? The bogs are having mighty fine fun there beyond, and by the bogs of Aughrim I don't see why we shouldn't have our share of what's going?"

"Hush, our time has come," said Fergus, as Lieut-Col. Mannery came riding to the spot.

But he was deceived. The company was ordered forward, but it was merely for a reconnoissance.

Forming into marching column by the command of Capt. Glascock, the men followed Lord Clare and his staff across the bridge and advanced some hundred paces beyond it. Here the party ascended a commanding eminence, and the dread panorama of battle lay extended before them.

All looked eagerly forth. The view was greatly obscured by the smoke of the engagement, which was momentarily growing denser, as the roar of artillery and musketry grew louder and fiercer, but the positions of the opposing armies were easily discernible. On the one hand could be distinguished the blue and white lines of the French, with the lilied banner of St. Louis waving at intervals above the glimmering bayonets; on the other the long array of squares and columns, red, yellow, and white, of the English, Dutch, and Austrians. The strip of ground between the combatants was thickly strewn with the bodies of men and horses, the dire flashing of the cannonade was incessant, now and then a level sheet of flame burst from the muzzles of a thousand muskets, while the murmurous cadence of shouts and cheers was mingled with the other dread voices of battle.

Frequently came borne to the watchers' ears the thunderous hoofstrokes of a charging host of cavalry, and once as the smoke curtain waved aside they beheld the Carbinieres rushing with flashing swords uplifted on a Hanoverian square, whose bayonets bristled to oppose them; but the awful music of a whole park of artillery shook the air at the moment, and the dense cloud of the discharge shut out the further spectacle.

Fergus was standing near Lord Clare when he heard the latter utter a vehement expression of chagrin.

"By ——, the battle is all but lost!" he heard his lordship say in low, agitated tones to Count Dillon. De Grammont has been mad enough to advance from his position, and his division is now getting cut up in fine style. Accursed mistake! I fear De Noailles will not have much reason to feel proud of the generalship of his nephew."

"Poor Grammont!" murmured Dillon, "I feel immensely sorry on his account—a brave, sincere, chivalrous soul!"

"He may be all that, and much more," rejoined Clare with severe sarcasm, "but, by the bones of Brian, he is hardly fitted for an important command on a day like this."

"Haste, O'Gorman," he said, turning to one of the officers of his staff, "ride at once to Marshal Noailles and inform him I await his orders. Tell him we earnestly request the honor of having an immediate share in the battle."

After a rather lengthy absence the messenger returned— returned so severely wounded by sabre cuts that he had to be helped from his saddle. In a vain attempt to find the marshal in the confusion of battle he had been attacked by two Hungarian hussars and barely escaped with his life by pistolling one of his assailants.

Clare instantly dispatched another courier in his stead, but the latter never returned, probably being killed ere he could reach the staff of the French commander.

The chief of the Brigade was furious with impatience—almost with despair. He had not another available messenger save his mounted officers, and he was loth to send any of these from their command.

The chief of the Brigade was furious with impatience—almost with despair. He had not another available messenger save his mounted officers, and he was loth to send any of these from their command.

"Can any of your men ride?" he said, turning his rein to address Glascock's company.

"I can, my lord," replied Fergus.

"Good. Lend him your horse, Shortall. What is your name, sir?"

"O'Ronan."

Here Dillon urged his horse close to Clare's, cast a look of recognition on Fergus, and whispered some words in the ear of the general.

The latter nodded his head.

"Yes, I have heard of the affair, and know De Rivenl at Court. And this is the man, say you?"

"Now, sergeant," he said aloud to Fergus, "I rely on your bravery and resolution. Seek out Marshal Noailles, and beg of him for me to let our division cross the bridge of Aschaffenburg and attack the enemy in the rear. Be sure and make all speed. Bon voyage!"

Fergus threw down his spontoon, and leaped into the vacated saddle, and in a few minutes he was tearing at full speed towards the French centre.

He was soon on the battlegrou d. An occastonal bullet whistled by his ear, and he had often to leap his horse over piles of corpses of the Regiment de Navarre, which had here borne the brunt of the fighting. Seeing the church spire of Dettingen looming through the smoke, he urged his way thither, rightly deeming that Noailles would be found there, that place, with its important bridge over the Maine, having become the *point d'appui* of the engagement.

His heart grew sick as he perecived the scene of carnage around him—the rigid and ghastly bodies of the slain; the feeble, moaning wounded, who raised their heads and cried to him imploringly as he passed lest the hoofs of his steed might trample on their helpless frames; the shattered muskets; the ground stained and sprinkled with gore. Several wounded troop-horses were limping painfully about with blood on their necks and flanks. It was in truth a dismal spectacle.

A loud chorus of alarmed cries attracted his attention.

"Sauve qui peut! Sauve qui peut!"

He saw a French regiment giving way in great confusion before a charge of the splendid cuirassiers of the empire. The soldiers were throwing away their muskets in order to run the better, and their frantic commander was shouting aloud and striking at them with his sword in his desperate efforts to make them rally; his blade, alas, was red with the gore of his own men!

It was the Regiment de Puysegur.

On galloped Fergus, but all at once. to his perplexity, he found himself directly between two opposing divisions of cavalry, just about to make a desperate charge upon one another.

On one side extended the red ranks and glittering sabres of the cavalry regiment of Gen. Henry Hawley, a stern and savage officer, whose cruelty was on a par with his cowardice—as was afterwards proved in the Scottish war, when he and his redoubtable corps fled like hares before Prince Charles' Highlanders at Falkirk and elsewhere. On the other hand were to nobis serried squadrons of the Black and Grey Mousquetaires, the silken thunderbolt banners rustling above the dark and fearless faces of the proud French noblesse.

Scarce had he become aware of his critical situation when he noticed a podgy little man in a red coat, with a large star glittering on his bosom, ride along the imposing array of English cavalry, brandishing his sword above his head and shouting some words in broken English: "Vorwart, my prave men! Vorwart for alt England!"

He was unaware at the time that this individual was George II; but his ignorance on the point was excusable, for his Britannic majesty did not present a very royal or commanding appearance.

"Hullo, O'Ronan—you here!" exclaimed a familiar voice behind him, as the Mousquetaires came onward at a trot.

"I bear a message from Lord Clare to the Marshal Duke, captain," said the messenger, recognizing Lally, whose red coat gleamed among the blue uniforms in the foremost rank.

"You cannot deliver it now. Turn, turn and charge with us—it is your only chance," was the impetuous reply.

There was a loud blare of many trumpets on both sides, a thunder of galloping hoofs, and then came the furious shock of the meeting squadrons, the deadly clash of steel striking steel, and the fierce shouts and imprecations of the combatants. In the moment of meeting Fergus received a gash in the left arm from a sabre of a huge dragoon, but the latter, ere he could repeat the stroke, was cloven from his saddle by a young Mousquetaire; and immediately afterwards our soldier requited the act by shooting down a trooper who had beaten down the guard of his preserver.

"Bon, Monsieur O'Ronan!" exclaimed the latter, no other than Rat é de Peronne; "ma foi, we get on well together, you and I."

Unable to withstand the vivacity and elan of the gallant chevaliers, the ferocious Hawley and his troopers gave way and fled in terror before them, leaving the ground encumbered with their dead and wounded. With a shout of triumph the Mousquetaires dashed onwards, and now the monarch of England, hatless and wigless, was seen riding at full speed across the plain, his life threatened by the flashing swords of the pursuing Frenchmen!

The Elector King was in deadly peril.

But now another trumpet-blast rang over the field—and a note of delivery it proved for King George. It came from the Fourth or Lt'goniers' Black Horse, a cavalry regiment in the British service composed almost entirely of Irish, but commanded by Gen. Sir John Ligonier, a scion of a noble Huguenot family of Languedoc and a natural subject of King Louis, against whom he was fighting under almost the same circumstances that the Irish Brigade was fighting against King George.

The ground shook beneath the thunderous charge of this dashing corps, which smote the Mousquetaires like an avalanche, hurling them back in confusion and delivering King George from the deadly blades that menaced him. A fierce conflict ensued. The Mousquetaire standard, with its gold and silver thunderbolt, was captured by an Irish corporal. The old Count de Peronne spurred forward in a frantic attempt to regain the trophy, but he was instantly slain. A wild, vengeful cry burst from Re é at the fall of his sire, but the slayer of the count was immediately afterwards cut down by Fergus O'Ronan, whose brain was afire with the excitement of the combat.

Never did the House of Hanover forget the signal service done that day by the Irish Black Horse (now the 7th Dragoon Guards). Long years afterwards, when a proposal was made to George III to reduce the corps, that eccentric monarch blurted out in his peculiar fashion, "No, no! never hear of it—never!—saved my grandfather's life at Dettingen!"

At length the Black Horse wheeled aside, and a shower of lead tore through the thinned ranks of the Mousquetaires from the levelled muskets of an infantry regiment, whose uniforms were deeply faced with yellow and whose flags bore the dragon of Queen Elizabeth. This was the Kentish Buffs, a corps which the Regiment of Clare had cut up dreadfully, thirty seven years previously, at Ramillies, taking from them their colors, similar to to those which they now displayed.

Many a saddle was emptied by that discharge, but now Lally rode to the front and waved his ensanguined blade above his head:

"En avant, mes amis! A bas les Anglais! En avant!"

Terribly outnumbered and fatigued though they were, the lion-hearted chivalry of France responded with a cheer to the encouraging words of the Franco-Gael, closed up their torn ranks, lifted their swords, and charged once more, knee to knee, holster to holster. Fergus noticed the daring Lally, who seemed to bear a really charmed life, cutting down three of the Buffs with as many strokes of his sword.

"Vive le roi! En avant, camarades" cried the intrepid man.

But now there was another tremendous roar of musketry, another terrific death storm sweeping through the midst of the devoted Mousquetaires, whose survivors found themselves slashing desperately at the heads of the Coldstream Guards—and right at his bridle-rein Fergus recognized the features of his enemy, Guy Lindsay!

"Ha! is it thus we meet?" exclaimed the latter, at once recognizing him. "Take that, then, as a token of old acquaintance."

He fired a pistol and the ball grazed the ear of Fergus, who immediately slashed at him, cutting through the bullion of his epaulette and gashing him on the shoulder.

The lord of Belleek uttered a wrathful oath as he raised his sword to defend himself, but at that instant a bayonet was thrust through the heart of O'Ronan's charger, which fell, crushing its rider's leg beneath it.

"Bayonet the fellow! put a ball through his head!" he heard Lindsay exclaim as he struggled hard to disengage himself. These were the last words he heard, when a horse's hoof struck him on the head, rendering him insensible to the dread scene of strife that was raging around him.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY

File dh Aridh Ruaidh Ui Dhomhnaill a.D. 1592.

Is liomta aiocht atá "Caisleán an Uisge,"
Is lonnrach gach fuinneóg ó thalamh go dion;
Gidh fairsing an fion ann, ní calldn tá meisge
Ag múgailt mac-alla na sean-taobhán erion.
Tá slántidhe 'ga n-ól ann le taoisighibh treuna
Do cheannphort a n-dúthaigh tá leo-san arís;
Acht air maidin a márach, le h-éirighe na gréine,
Bédh mustar níos mó air an leuna úd shios.

Feuch, cheana tá'n nualdheact thar mhór-leath na tíre,
Tá teachtairidhe lúthmhar' a' bualadh na sighe,
Ag dásachd treun spiorad in anamnaibh fíora,
'S ag griosadh na cródhachda tá fós in gach croidhe.
Feuch, feuch, tá na teinte air mhullach gach aléibhe
Ag freagairt an fhógra tré dhúbhachd a's ceo,
Gidh dearg an lasadh, béidh picidhe agus cloidhmhe
Níos deirge go luath i g-cogadh níos teo.

Glóir, glóir a Thír-Chonnaill le tréimhse gan cabhair,
Suas, suas gach clann chródha ó'n bh-Foinn go Ros-Eochain,
Air agaidh, a Iseobra, ó Mháilloun go Samhair,
Biodh luathghháir aucoht ag cur díoirt air bhrón.
Nach g-cluintí an ghair úd a' líonadh na spéire,
Mar thórnigh ar reubadh tré chúmeas na n-gleann?
Nach g-cluintí guth-fuáilte na n-daoinadh ag éirigh?
Hurrá! tá Aodh Ruadh arís ós ár g-ceann!

Níos sia ná bídhidh a's gruaim in bhur g-croidhthibh,
Tá dóthchas ag briseadh air Eireann go léir;
A n-dé bhí an t-sean-chúis faoi neultaibh na h-oidhche,
Amárach béidh dath úr air fhairsinge spéir'.
Amarach béidh solus geal gréine ag sileadh
Air chath-bhrat Thír-Chonnaill a' erothadh 'sa n-gaoith,
Béidh mílte fear treun againn réidh le n-a m-buille
'S béidh Aodh óg Ua Domhnaill ag treorughadh faoi.

Is díomhaoin le bliadhantaibh bhí gliceas gach láimhe,
Is meirgeach a d'éirigh gach pic' air a craun;
Acht bheatbaigh an sgith sin smíor úr in á'g-chamha',
'S d' fág meirg díomhaoinis níos géire gach lann.
Mar méaduighthear neart agus luathas na h-aibhne
Le fearthainn an fhóghmhair d' éis tíormachda míos
Is amhlaidh béidh sáthadh na n-arm níos doimhne,
Nuair castar na Sacsanaigbe orrainn arís.

Ol taraidh go tapaidh, laoch-coise 'gus marcach,
O chnocaibh a's gleanntaibh air fud Dhúin-na-ngall,
Tá trom-chíos le díol ag an t-sean-namhaid beartach
A geineadh 'nna ghadaidhe, 's a tógadh 'measg feall.
Is fada gach fear dían go foighideach ag fanacht
Le filleadh ár n-gráidh ghil ó charcar Ath' Cliath,
Chum buille do bhualadh, 's chum saoirse do cheannacht
Le daor-fhuil ár g-croidhtheadh, má's toil é le Dia.

Ná fanaidh! tá cnámha sean-sinsear Ui Dhómhnaill
Ag glaodhach chum díoghaltais ó lámhaibh a g-cíann;
Béidh fiadha le h-ioc ag gach fear i d-Tír Chonnaill
Chomh fhad a's tá lorg aoin sgriosadóir ann.
Le chéile! le chéile! béidh fealita Loch' Suilidhe
Glan-nighte gan mhoill i bh-full Sacsanach teann,
Air aghaidh! air aghaidh chum saoirse, a mhilidhe,
Tá an ceart air ár d-taoibh 's tá Aodh óg ós ár g-ceann.

—*Dublin Gaelic Journal.*

The Arena.

The Bacon-Shakespeare controversy which opened in the July *Arena*, is attracting general interest among lovers of Shakespearean literature. The August *Arena* contains an argument in favor of Lord Bacon. During this discussion the most eminent Shakespearean scholars will be heard pro and con. Among the other contributions of interest in the August *Arena* is a political symposium, to which Gail Hamilton, U. S. Senator James H. Kyle, Congressman Geo. Fred Williams and Wm. T. Ellis contribute. Other leading papers are contributed by Mary A. Livermore Twenty-five Years on the Platform; Frances E Willard, The Coming Brotherhood; Mrs. General Law Wallace, The Chain of the Last Slave; Mrs. Frances E. Russell, A Historical Sketch of Dress Reform in the U. S; Mrs. B. F. Underwood, A Woman's Case (a story); Helen H. Gardener, The Danger of an Irresponsible Educated Class in a Republic; and Louise Chandler Moulton, A Rare Letter by Mrs Browning. Mr. Flower contributes a discriminating paper, entitled 'An Idealistic Dreamer Who Sings in a Minor Key." A symposium on Women's Clubs is the most important discussion of the most interesting subject that has ever appeared in print.

Among the contributors are May Wright Sewall, president of the Woman's Council of America, Kate Gannett Wells, Hester M. Poole, Mary K. Mumford, Annah Robinson Watson, Katherine Nobles, Ellen M. Mitchell, Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Mary E Boyce, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Mary A. Livermore. As will be seen this issue is a woman's number, as was the August *Arena* for 1891. Full page portraits of Mrs. Livermore and May Wright Sewall, and a page containing four portraits of contributors to the Women's Club symposium are features of this number.

WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS FLOW.

BY THE REV. A. J RYAN.

I'll sing tonight of a fairy land, in the lap of ocean set,
And of all the land's I've traveled o'er 'tis the loveliest I've met;
Where the willows weep, and the roses sleep, and balmy breezes blow,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh! alas, how can I sing? 'tis an exile breathes the strain,
And that dear old land of my youthful love, I must never see again;
And the very joy that fills my breast, must ever change to woe—
For that dear old land, that sweet old land where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll ring of the lonely old churchyard, where our forefathers' bones are laid,
Where the cloister stands, those ruins grand, that our tyrant foes have made;
And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch, till the glistening tears will flow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his lonely grave—
Of his early doom in his youthful bloom, and his spirit more than brave;
And oh! how blest and calm his rest though his grave be cold and low,
In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and Geraldine, proud Edward true and blest,
They won renown, the martyr's crown, and they sleep in shade and rest;
In heavenly mold their names are rolled —they died in manhood's glow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her sires were kingly men
Who led the chase, and a manly race, through forest, field and glen;
Whose only word was the shining sword, whose pen, the patriot's blow,
For that dear old land, that sweet old land where the beautiful rivers flow.

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as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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DULL TIMES.

At Present Afflict News in Gotham—All of Interest Comes From the Outside.

Virtues and Curative Properties of Sea Moss Blancmange.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 25—New York news, in summer, is not strictly speaking New York news at all. In summer New York's life and entertainment come from abroad. And it is the traveler, as well as the news from all over the United States, that in the hot season furnishes New York with stir and animation. It is the traveler who comes to the metropolis, and who saturating himself with all that is to be seen and heard, thereafter advertises New York as the most delightful summer resort in the world. The few real, true New Yorkers whom matters of business or motives of economy keep within its gates, bemoan themselves as inhabitants of a desert. "Nothing to do. Nobody to see. Not a thing stirring." It is a case of the little value we put upon what costs us nothing. It is left for outsiders discover the jollity, the amusement, the healthy invigorating breezes, the refreshment and renewed life for body and mind which Manhattan Island bestows upon its fortunate denizens in July.

And as to what all the folks are talking about—those who come and those who have to stay—as to New York news of today, first, there are conventions. The news comes from outside the city, you observe. Both Republican and Democratic conventions afforded an endless amount of talk. And the women of today are no silent on the subject of politics. In some instances they have even formed politics clubs, and those who do not go quite that far are at least decided and outspoken in the expression of their opinions.

Then there were the troubles at Homestead to fill our papers. Lately there have been the members of the Christian Endeavor Societies to fill our streets, our public vehicles, and our public buildings. One met the bands of visitors—for the most part composed of young people with a look of healthy, eager interest on their faces—all over the city. The Christian Endeavorers were fresh, bright, and pleasent to see, although they had a way of going about in squads of eight or ten, which habit together with the ubiquitous sailor hats of the women, and their pronounced badges, reminded one of the Salvation Army Companies. They swarmed at Coney Island, and on all the boats, cars, and pleasure resorts in the suburbs of the city. With many of them this was their first visit, and with a thriftiness most praiseworthy, they made use of the stone to kill two birds, wherever it was practicable. A few cases came to light where a couple of guileless young Endeavorers were on their wedding trip. Several found sweethearts on these wild Atlantic shores. Some took advantage of the occasion to persuade Eastern fair ones to return with them. Many prudent housewives did all their fall shopping, and saved the price of the whole trip on the children's winter coats and hats, and those who returned with empty hands carried a store of new ideas and agreeable reminiscences to bridge them over until the next Christian Endeavor Convention.

But the tide of Christians has ebbed, and except for the muttering of the coming political storm, New York has enjoyed a few days of quiet. The weather has been intensely, even brassily, hot during the day, and intensely, even gaspingly hot during the night. The papers are full of ridiculous advice to men on how to keep cool, and absurd counsels to women upon what to do with their babies during the sultry season. The jokes about the youth with the blazer, and his confidences to his friends concerning the summer girl, are gradually and painfully growing stale. The funniest of them provokes only a cynical smile. The heads of the home begin to wish that "it was over," and even to count, surreptitiously, the weeks which must elapse before the children can go back to school. Eating and drinking becomes a burden, and the voice of the mosquito is heard in the land.

August is upon us.

Scarcely a day passes without some encouraging testimony in regard to the good effects of sea moss blancmange upon dyspeptic sufferers. This hygienic and most delicious delicacy has become very popular not only with invalids but with those who wish to preserve their health and strength. As a dessert, irrespective of its curative and invigorating qualities, it is vastly superior to the nicest things made from corn-starch, tapioca, or barley. It never clogs or disturbs the stomach and should be eaten by dyspeptics twice a day at least, and those who are seriously ill from gastric trouble should partake of nothing else until they are on the road to recovery. The finest sea moss can be procured by sending to Miss M. G. Anderson, 451 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. This moss is put up in 50c and $1 packages, and will be sent to any address with a receipe for the blancmange.

It may be as well to state here that the price of the dress lifter which was spoken of last week is 50 cents, and will be found one of the greatest comforts possible to imagine.

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On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p. m. daily, via C. M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

On the one hand there's $500 in cash; on the other, there's a cure for your Catarrh. One of these two things has got to come to you—that's promised and agreed by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

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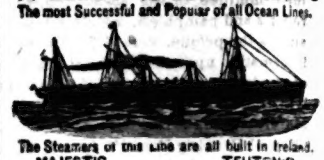

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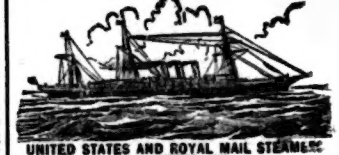

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CHICAGO.

PENSION CLAIMS.

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.

JOHN F. FINERTY.
U. S. Pension and Claim Agent
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO.

INSIDE FORT FRICK.

The Place Well Garrisoned and Fully Armed.

DEPUTIES AND POLICE ON GUARD.

The Workmen Can Also Be Called Upon and Armed at a Moment's Notice in Case of Attack from the Strikers—Mr. Frick Leaves His Bed and Is Expected to Visit His Office During the Week—Strike Notes.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 1.—Fort Frick, the name given by the strikers to the big plant of the Carnegie Steel company, is from now on really a fort, garrisoned and armed (except for heavy artillery) as few forts are in this country. There are 1,000 men inside, and there is a repeating rifle for every man. The rifles are stored in a convenient place where they can be got at in a moment. Besides the 1,000 men who can be called in a moment to defend an attack, there are now fourteen coal and iron policemen trained to fight and 100 deputy sheriffs. The deputies and coal and iron policemen are armed with both clubs and rifles. These facts were brought out in a talk with the superintendent of the mills. This question was asked of him:

"If you fill the mill with new men how do you expect to prevent fights between them and the old men, especially after the troops go away.

Know the Men Now.

He replied emphatically: "We have taken ample precautions to protect every man in our employ from the attacks of outsiders. We have now about one hundred deputy sheriffs, and will increase that number to 300 as soon as practicable. There are guns enough inside the mill to arm every man in our employ the moment the occasion arises for such action. We do not propose to submit to any foolishness in this matter, and now that we know the men with whom we have to deal we have made every preparation to meet force with force if it should become necessary."

This preparation has been made with a view to the withdrawal of the larger part of the militia and the possibility of the early withdrawal of the remainder.

Frick Leaves His Bed.

Mr. Frick passed a comfortable night. He got out of his bed Monday morning, ate a hearty breakfast, and no doubt will visit his office later in the week. It is said that no more bulletins of his condition will be issued by the attending surgeon.

The Thirty-third street Union mill of the Carnegie Steel company was in operation Monday morning with non-union men, guarded by Pittsburg policemen. The new men were taken into the works under guard at 6 o'clock. The exact number of non-union workmen at the Thirty-third street mill is not yet known to Secretary Lovejoy.

Bail for the Anarchists.

Superintendent of Police O'Mara, District Attorney Burleigh and Attorney Friedman will arrange a satisfactory bail among themselves for the release of Bauer and Knold, the suspect accomplice of Berkman, and will ask Judge Magee to accept it.

Because of the absence from the city of Senior Counsel Dickey no suits in the Iams case will be entered at present.

More non-union workmen were taken to Homestead Monday morning on the Steamer Tide. There were at least one hundred in the party.

SPRAGUE ESTATE SETTLED.

The Creditors Being Paid a Final Dividend by the Trustee.

PROVIDENCE, Aug. 1.—Trustee Sweetland of the Sprague estate is now paying the Sprague creditors a final dividend of 2 3-20 per cent., making in all 27 3-20 per cent. The original creditors have in many cases passed away and their descendants are widely scattered. By the payment of this dividend, the Cranston Savings bank and Franklin Institution for Savings will receive funds they have been expecting ever since they were ruined by the fall of the Spragues in 1875, and to receive which they have remained in existence and then the last dividends will be paid out by those institutions.

Value of the Estate.

They were ready to wind up in the autumn, it is announced, the Franklin institution, with a dividend which will make the total of its payment nearly 90 per cent., and the Cranston bank with a payment which approaches that proportion of the liabilities. According to the trust deed the value of the Sprague estate was $20,000,000 and liabilities $14,000,000, due 125 creditors.

It Rained Silver.

DENVER, July 29.—General Weaver and Mrs. Lease of Kansas spoke in the Coliseum Thursday night. Mrs. Lease spoke on free silver and asked for money to carry on the People's party campaign. One old miner in the gallery pulled out $10 in silver and tossed them on the stage. In a moment the air was filled with coin, which clinked rapidly at the woman's feet on the platform. The audience rained silver at her. At last a half barrel of silver dollars was picked up on the stage, while fifty baskets circulated through the audience.

Disaster at a Wedding.

BERLIN, Wis., July 29.—A number of persons was celebrating the wedding of a young couple named Babbitt, on Rodney's island, about eight miles from here. The company were seated under a big tree, partaking of refreshments, when a thunderstorm came up. The people remained there, as the tree afforded protection against the rain. A bolt of lightning struck at the roots of the tree a few minutes later, instantly killing two sons of John Egan and fatally injuring a boy named Bazing.

Victory for Holman.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The house has passed Holman's resolution extending the government appropriations for four days. At 1:35 the vice president signed the joint resolution continuing appropriations for four days and it was sent to the president for approval.

The president has approved the joint resolution extending the appropriations four days.

Fifty Deaths from Heat.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—Fifty deaths from heat were reported to the coroner Saturday up to 11 o'clock Saturday morning. Of this number fifteen occurred since midnight. The weather in the city is not quite as warm as Friday. There is less humidity and a slight breeze.

LUMBERMEN ON STRIKE.

Three Hundred Quit Work at Stevens Point, Wis.

STEVENS POINT, Aug. 2.—All the men employed in the sawmills of this city, about three hundred in number, are on a strike. The trouble originated at Bosworth & Reilly's mill, where the lumber assorters became dissatisfied with the wages paid, wanting a raise of 25 cents a day. At the hour for starting Monday morning all the day crew were present but stated to the foreman that work would not be commenced without an advance. Before the proprietor, Mayor Reilly, could be consulted the men had quit the premises and marched to the Week Lumber company's plant.

Marched to the Public Square.

The men there also joining, they marched to the Wallace & Karner mill. The proprietors of the latter mill heard of what was taking place and shut down before the strikers reached them, informing their men they could join the procession if they so desired. This was done, although the men were fully satisfied with time and wages. The procession marched to the public square without causing any noise or demonstration beyond the flaunting of a red handkerchief on an improvised staff, but this was quickly changed to the stars and stripes.

Demands of the Men.

A meeting was held at which John H. Brennan, an attorney, was called in to draw up suitable papers informing the mill owners as to their demands—an advance of 1 shilling per day, and a day's work to be ten hours instead of eleven. These demands have been presented to the various lumber firms. They are not inclined to grant both, but will pay the former wages for a day of ten hours. The mills have been running night and day and have enough logs on hand to keep running throughout the season.

TERRORIZED BY ROBBERS.

More Brutal Work by a Gang of Pennsylvania Outlaws.

UNIONTOWN, Aug. 2.—The Cooley gang of robbers, consisting of six desperate men, Sunday night went to the house of William Smith, an old farmer who does not believe in banks, and after gagging the aged head of the house and locking three old women in a room ransacked the house and secured about $2,000 in gold. In the morning an armed posse of citizens tracked the robbers to the house of a confederate, but they escaped into the mountains. The robbers made the Smith women tell where the money was hidden by threatening to burn their feet, of which crime Frank Cooley, the leader of the gang, already stands convicted, but escaped from jail while awaiting sentence.

The Community Terrorized.

For three years this band of outlaws has terrorized this region for miles around and has stolen thousands of dollars and narrowly escaped dozens of attempts at their arrest. The gang is now composed of Frank Cooley, Jack Ramsey, Brint Frey, Sam Yeager, a man named Myers, and two or three others whose names are not known. The people are completely terrorized, and, having given up all hope of the sheriff of the county catching the gang, they have determined to call on the governor to declare the members of the gang outlaws, and they will then be justified in shooting them down at sight. Failing in this a great posse of citizens will arm themselves and hunt the gang down and capture them dead or alive.

Postal Exhibit for the Fair.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—Third Assistant Postmaster General Hazen, pursuant to the recommendation of the chiefs of the postoffice department, has caused to be issued a circular to all countries composing the postal union, inviting them to make an exhibit at the World's fair, Chicago. It is expected that the postal exhibit of this as well as that of foreign countries will be very complete. Mr. Hazen is preparing designs for a set of stamps to be issued by the postoffice department in honor of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. It is not the intention of the department to retire permanently the current issue of stamps, but it is likely that the issue will be suspended for a year.

McKinley at Beatrice, Neb.

BEATRICE, Aug. 2.—Governor McKinley arrived here Monday and was met at the train by 2,000 Republicans who escorted him to the Paddock hotel. The Republican county convention took a recess and marched to the hotel where Governor McKinley made a brief speech, eulogizing the present administration and predicting Republican success at the polls. He held a soldiers' reception at night and made an address to the veterans, eschewing politics. Tuesday he made a lengthy speech on the tariff.

Took an Easy Way of Suicide.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., Aug. 2.—The body of a well dressed young man was found hanging from the limb of a tree in the reservation woods. The body was very much decomposed and had evidently been hanging several days. The young man had climbed the tree, fastened the rope to the limb and about his neck and then saturated a handkerchief with chloroform and held it to his nose until he became unconscious and fell off the limb. The man was a stranger.

Juvenile Editor Missing.

DENVER, Aug. 2.—The present location of Richard O. Howard, the juvenile editor of the Denver Star, is still a mystery. His parents are greatly alarmed and fear that he has been foully dealt with. Not the slightest intelligence or trace of him has been received since his escapade at the Palmer House in Chicago. The authorities in all the large cities have been notified, and a reward will, in all probability, be offered within the next few days.

Stevenson Invited to Kentucky.

FRANKFORT, Aug. 2.—Both houses of the legislature unanimously adopted a resolution inviting Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson to visit the seat of the Kentucky government Friday, Aug. 5, or at such other time during his stay in his native state as may be convenient to him.

Women Try to Vote.

CANTON, Ill., Aug. 2.—At the election for member of the board of education here Monday G. K. Barrere was chosen by 225 majority. Several women attempted to vote, but their ballots were refused by the judges.

Joseph Wood Electrocuted.

DANNEMORA, N. Y., Aug. 2.—Joseph, otherwise known as "Cal" Wood, was executed Tuesday morning at 11:52 o'clock by electricity. Death was apparently painless and instantaneous.

RIOTS OVER CHOLERA.

Terrible Slaughter in a Town of Russian Turkestan.

COSSACKS AND SARTS IN A FIGHT.

The Latter Believed That Physicians Were Killing the Cholera Patients and Became Wildly Excited—Sixty Sarts and Fifteen Russian Soldiers Killed in the Riot Which Followed—Yacht Race for the Queen's Cup—Foreign Notes.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 2.—Letters received here from Tashkend, a town of Russian Turkestan, report that news in regard to serious riots which occurred in that place in connection with the cholera epidemic has been suppressed by the government, the strictest censorship being exercised in the matter. From these letters it is learned that a mob of native Sarts (a race of mongrel Persians), believing that the doctors were poisoning patients who were suffering from the cholera, became fiercely excited and determined to put an end to the murderous practices which they imagined were being employed in the cases of the unfortunates stricken with the disease. Wild rumors were current of the cruelties inflicted by the medical men in causing the immediate death of the patients, and these stories had the effect of arousing the fury of the people.

Killed the Deputy Governor.

Five thousand of the Sarts suddenly invaded the Russian quarter of the town and attacked and wrecked the residence of Deputy Governor Poutinstoff, who fled on their approach. He was pursued, however, and overtaken in the street. He was instantly surrounded and maltreated in a terrible manner. He was flung to the ground, and after being trampled upon was assailed with a shower of stones until his life was beaten out and his features mutilated beyond recognition. A body of troops was hurried to the scene of the riot and they were given orders to deal severely with the mob. As soon as the troops came in sight of the Sarts they opened fire, killing several of them. The Sarts were armed with pistols and daggers, and, though cowardly by nature, were now in such a state of desperation that they held their ground and made a furious resistance to the soldiers, whom they greatly outnumbered. A hand to hand fight resulted as soon as the Sarts had emptied their pistols. They slashed with their yataghans doing much execution on the soldiers.

Collected in the Mosque.

The soldiers were unable to overcome the rioters and additional troops had to be sent for. A troop of Cossacks came speedily up, and with their aid the riot was quelled and the mob dispersed. The Sarts were not disheartened and soon took steps to resume the attack. They collected in the mosques and set about converting ing them into temporary forts, and defied the authorities to do battle with them. Bodies of soldiers were dispatched to the several points in possession of the rioters and attempted to dislodge them. This was no easy task, as the Sarts were sheltered behind the strong walls of the mosques, whence they fired from loopholes with telling effect. The troops at last by bringing up overwhelming forces carried the mosques and a scene of carnage ensued. The fighting inside the structure was of the most desperate and sanguinary character. Although the Sarts found they could not cope with their military opponents their fanaticism was aroused and no quarter was asked for.

A Terrible Slaughter.

None was given, and the true believers fell by scores before the weapons of the soldiers, within the sacred walls. Sixty of the Sarts were killed and hundreds wounded, many of them grievously. The soldiers, too, suffered heavily, the Russian loss being fifteen killed and many wounded. Tremendous excitement was caused in the town by the terrible affair, and the authorities found it necessary to strongly patrol the whole place both day and night. Many arrests have been made of persons concerned in the disorders and there is no doubt that extraordinary measures of punishment will follow on all who can be convicted of participation in the disorders.

Occupied by Russian Troops.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—A dispatch th the Times from Calcutta says that three detachments of Russian troops have occupied the Pamir region, as far as the Hindoo Koosh, holding the country from which Colonel Yanoff of the Russian army retired last year. The Russians have formed military posts and organized the Kirghees tribesmen from Turkestan as a garrison for the occupied territory. This news excites considerable interest and it is believed that the sudden activity is due to the success of Mr. Gladstone in the elections and a conviction at St. Petersburg that Mr. Gladstone will not be as active as Lord Salisbury in obstructing Russian progress.

Race for the Queen's Cup.

LONDON, Aug 2.—The kaiser at the last moment decided not to go on board his yacht, the Meteor, in the race for the Queen's cup but to view the start from the Kaiseradler. The start included the Meteor, the Corsair, Mohawk, L'Esperance, Arethusa and Cetonia. There was a light breeze from the northwest and the sky was overcast.

Celebrating Columbus' Departure.

MADRID, Aug. 2.—The celebration of the 400th anniversary of the departure of Columbus from the port of Palos began Tuesday and will continue until Oct. 24. The Spanish government is interested in it and is giving it some aid, but it is chiefly a local affair.

Michigan Legislature.

LANSING, Aug 2.—Governor Winans has issued a proclamation calling a special session of the legislature to meet Friday, Aug. 5, at noon, for the purpose of rearranging the senatorial districts and apportioning anew the representatives among the counties and districts, and for the transaction of such other business as may be laid before it.

Cost Too Much to Run the Mine.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Aug. 2.—The Champion iron mine at Champion, fourteen miles distant, has closed down for an indefinite period. Six hundred men are out of employment. The mine, which is one of the oldest and heaviest producers in the Lake Superior region, cannot sell ore at a price to cover the cost of production.

1892 AUGUST. 1892

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fri.	Sat.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

ORDER OF IRON HALL.

Application for a Receiver Filed at Indianapolis—Crookedness Charged.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 1.—An application for a receiver for the Order of Iron Hall was filed Friday. The complaint alleges that the corporation is indebted for maturing benefits for the remainder of the year 1892 over $1,000,000, and for sick and disability benefits over $325,000. For 1893 it is indebted for maturing benefits of $4,000,000, and for sick and disability benefits over $650,000. For 1894 it is indebted for maturing benefits $6,000,000; for sick and disability benefits $650,000. For 1895 it is indebted for maturing benefits over $9,000,000, and for sick and disability benefits over $650,000.

Altered the Books.

The reserve fund in the hands of the branches amounts to only about $2,200,000, only one-seventh of which is available each year for the payment of liabilities. The real estate of the defendant amounts to about $1,000,000. Vice President Somerly is charged with altering the books and appropriating large sums of money from their legitimate channels. Extravagance and bad management is also alleged. The order has a large membership throughout the county.

MINNESOTA REPUBLICANS.

Knute Nelson Nominated for Governor at St. Paul.

ST. PAUL, July 29.—The Minnesota Republican state convention was called to order in the People's church at 12 o'clock by Chairman Joel Heathwole of the state committee. There were 709 delegates present. Secretary Bixby read the call for the convention and ex-Congressman Dunnell was elected temporary chairman by acclamation. A. B. Clinch was chosen temporary secretary, and the committee on credentials, resolutions, and permanent organization were announced. The convention then took a recess until 3 o'clock. At the afternoon session the following ticket was nominated: For governor, Knute Nelson; lieutenant governor, D. M. Clough; secretary of state, F. P. Brown; state treasurer, Joseph Bodleter.

KNUTE NELSON.

THE ANTI-OPTION BILL.

Washburn Consents to Its Postponement Until December.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The senate Saturday passed Proctor's bill providing that appointments in staff corps be made from the line in the army, and the bill appropriating $1,000 for a column to mark the birthplace of James Madison, fourth president of the United States, near Port Conway, Va. After considerable discussion a joint resolution continuing the appropriations of last year's sundry civil bill until Wednesday next was unanimously passed. At 2:35 Washburne of Minnesota announced his consent to the postponement of the anti-option bill until December.

After filibustering on the World's fair question the house at 12:30 adjourned out of respect to the memory of Representative Craig of Pennsylvania, who died Friday evening.

Heavy Failure in Cotton.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 1.—The large cotton factorage and commission firm of Bickham & Moore failed Saturday for over $250,000. The house was founded many years ago by the late Richard Pritchard, then president of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern railroad, now the Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans, a part of the Illinois Central system. The failure was announced Monday. It is not definitely known what the assets are.

Another Advance in Coal.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 1.—Beginning Aug. 1 the circular price of coal for this city is advanced 15 cents at the mines by the Reading and Pennsylvania roads, making the rates as follows: Egg, $2.65; stove, $2.75; chestnut, $2.55. This makes an increase of about 50 cents since the first of the year. The retail dealers are expected to add about 50 cents to present quotations.

Fatal Railway Collision.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 1.—The sections of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul excursion train chartered by the Union stockyards' switchmen of Chicago, to bring them to this city collided in the union depot here Sunday, and as a result one man is dead and eight so badly injured that most of them are not expected to live. The name of man killed was Otto Fabain.

Alice Mitchell Declared Insane.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 1.—The jury in the Alice Mitchell case rendered the following verdict Saturday morning: "We, the jury find the defendant insane, and believe it would be dangerous to the community to allow her at liberty."

World's Fair Dedication.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1.—The house has passed a bill changing the date of the dedication of the buildings of the World's Columbian exposition from the 12th to the 21st of October.

Judge Drowned While Fishing.

OMAHA, Aug. 1.—Judge Joseph R. Clarkson of this city was drowned while fishing in Honey creek, Lake Iowa, Saturday morning.

Two Unknown Negroes Killed.

OMAHA, July 29.—Two unknown negroes were killed by a Union Pacific switch engine in South Omaha Thursday night.

Vetoed by the President.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—The president has vetoed the famous William McGarrahan bill.

BRIEF INFORMATION.

Events of a Week Condensed for the Busy Reader.

S. E. Grienow, a deaf mute, was beheaded by a train on the Chicago and Milwaukee road near Beardstown, Ills.

Jesse Mott murdered John Price by driving a pitchfork through him during a quarrel at St. Mary's, O.

Mrs. Grossman, aged 35 years, wife of Rev. Mr. Grossman, pastor of the Evangelical church near Lisbon, Ia., hung herself while deranged from religion. She leaves four young children.

Rev. Dr. J. McBride Sterrett has resigned his chair in the Seabury divinity school, Fairbault, Minn., and accepted the chair of physiology in the Columbian university at Washington.

Ira Dorsey, a farmer living near Muscatine, Ia., was killed while mowing hay. He fell in front of the mower.

John Calland, a farmer at Worthington, Ind., went to the bottoms for a load of saw logs. He did not return, and it is supposed he was drowned.

A gang of canvasmen discharged from Sell Bros.' circus at Trinidad, Colo., stole a lot of whisky, and engaged in a riot. The entire police force was called into service to arrest the men.

Efforts will be made to rise the yacht Alva, owned by William H. Vanderbilt, which was sunk in collision off Nantucket shoals by the steamer H. F. Dimock.

The dead body of Felix Sell was found in the third story of the Rohrbacker & Allen block, Akron, O., which was partly destroyed by fire.

Henry Papineau, a 3 year-old boy, was burned to death at Kankakee, Ill., by a bonfire which he and some companions made in his father's barn. The barn, outbuildings, and a house were burned up.

The American Federation of Labor at a meeting held in Denver boycotted the Rochester Clothing company.

During a storm Mrs. William George, aged 22 years, residing at Salineville, O., was struck by lightning and killed.

Thelas M. Bissell, the well-known plow manufacturer, died Monday in South Bend, Ind., aged 68 years.

Talmage has been treated by the czar like a long-lost brother, and been commissioned to thank the American people for their ship-loads of provisions for the czar's starving peasantry.

Russian authorities are striving to suppress the facts relative to the rapid spread of cholera in the czar's domain.

Smith Maxwell, of Brazil, Ind., was killed in the Jumbo mine by a piece of slate falling on him.

* * *

A. Louden Snowden, the new minister to Spain, is a brother to General Snowden, of the Pennsylvania militia.

Miss Grace Harper, daughter of J. W. Harper, a wealthy Cincinnati bank president, will make her debut on the stage next Monday evening at Palmer's theater, New York, as Paola, in "The Mascot."

Three cases of smallpox have been discovered among Japanese laborers at Nampa, Idaho. The other Japanese are being run away from the place.

During a heavy thunderstorm thousands of small frogs were rained down upon Port Morris, N. J.

The famous robber tower at Znaim, in Moravia, one of the oldest relics of the middle ages, has fallen. Five persons were killed by the falling walls.

A mad dog at Sorrento, Ill., bit a number of horses, pigs, cattle, and several dogs, and the people of that section are now alarmed over the probability of an epidemic of hydrophobia.

Lizzie Murray drowned herself at at Dixon, Ill. She was 17 years old and her love for a man was unreciprocated.

A 10-year-old son of Mrs. Mary Krenge, of Atchison, Kas., attempted to kindle a fire with gasoline. He will die.

Lota Miller, aged 20, who had been at the Kankakee hospital suffering from melancholia, was discharged as cured. She at once got a revolver and shot herself in the head. She will likely recover.

The New York Tribune publishes two columns of interviews with clergymen to prove that to enact the Passion Play in Chicago, in the way some one has proposed, would be a sacrilegious outrage.

Rose Terry Cooke, with all her power and reputation as a writer, was not able, it is said, to make much more than mere pin money out of her literary labors.

Mrs. Vaughn deeded the Vaugh Library building to the Library association of Ashland, Wis. The property and books are worth $100,000.

Advices from Vladivostock report that there are 12,000 men engaged in the laying of the eastern section of the Trans-Siberian railway, and that the work will be completed next autumn.

* * *

In the senate a resolution permitting foreign exhibitors to bring into the United States skilled laborers from abroad in connection with the World's fair was passed.

The relief boat Danube has left New Orleans with another load of rations for the 16,000 people in the overflowed sections on the Red and Black rivers and Bayou des Claises. They will require aid for three weeks longer.

Andrew Dayton, one of the early settlers of Kankakee county, Ills., and a prominent farmer, was killed by a stroke of lightning at his home, just south of Momence.

Judge Ricks, in the United States circuit court at Cleveland, has ordered the receivers of the Valley road to spend $40,000 for repairs to the property.

Work on the Chicago drainage canal has been ordered to begin next month and a tax levy authorized by the drainage board.

Thirteenth district Indiana Democrats have nominated Charles Girard for congress.

A barn and haystack belonging to Charles Walker, a few miles north of Decatur, Ills., were destroyed by fire. Walker and his neighbors say the fire was caused by a meteor which fell into the haystack.

Frank Murphy was arrested at Creston Ia., on the charge of passing a counterfeit silver certificate.

A 9-year-old son of John Shannon of Belmont, Wis., was caught in a reaper and may lose his right foot.

Henry Early, a colored miner, was killed at Wilmington, Ills. He tried to board a moving freight train.

It is estimated that another $3,000,000 will be needed before the World's fair opens.

A Cree squaw committed suicide at St. Paul by throwing herself under the wheels of a locomotive.

The contract for building the old men's building at the veterans' home, Waupaca, Wis., was awarded John Steir & Son of Oshkosh for $5,570. The building will be 136 feet long, with two wings 50 by 3 feet.

Chamberlain having been won away from Wisconsin State university by President Harper of Chicago university, the Wisconsin institution is parleying with President Adams, late of Cornell.

* * *

Texas fever is raging in Oklahoma, wiping out whole herds of cattle. It is feared that it will spread over the entire grazing section of the southwest.

Forty conductors on the Metropolitan and Multnomah electric street car lines at Portland, Or., were arrested for "knocking down." The companies lost on an average $4,600 per month.

Chicago now occupies fifth place in the list of National league ball teams.

While partially deranged Mrs. Charles Gray of Galesburg, Ills., drove off in a buggy and her body was found in Lake George park.

Crop reports on oats from Iowa and Nebraska are not very good.

Minneapolis lumbermen have decided to advance the prices of all classes of lumber Aug. 2 from 25 cents to 40 cents on the 1,000 feet.

Fire in Pittsburg destroyed G. Evans' china and glassware house at the corner of Market and Third avenue. By the overturning of a hose cart running to the fire three firemen were seriously injured, one, it is feared, fatally.

One of the gayest and dressiest women to be seen at the Saratoga races is the editor of one of the Saratoga papers. She plays the horses heavily, and if fine dresses and many cab rides are a criterion, she plays always to win.

When the Cramps launch a big ship they give their men a holiday. In case of the Columbia all but the 500 required to get the ship into the water put on their best clothing and took their families to see the fun.

The county board of review at Columbus, Ind., discovered that a prominent financier of the county had failed to return among his personal property $25,000 of first mortgages. The amount will be added to his assessment blank, and he will be required to pay taxes on it.

Ten thousand people attended the old settler's picnic at Greencastle, Ind.

The San Francisco Cremation company will spend $20,000 to $30,000 for a stone crematory, modeled after an ancient temple. It will contain a hall for services. A body will be incinerated almost instantly in a white heat furnace.

Scarlet fever is epidemic at Richmond, Ind. There are seventy-five cases in the town. Several deaths have occurred from the disease.

* * *

The army worm has made its appearance in large numbers near Hillsboro, Ills., and threatens destruction to the corn crop.

It is announced that Miss Amy Green, daughter of the late William Green of San Francisco, is shortly to be married to Sir James Home-Slers, bart.

Posey & Crawford have bought the Little Annie mining property at Summitville, Cal., for $650,000, and will begin work there at once.

It is estimated that the troubles at Homestead and other Carnegie plants now a month old have cost $1,000,000 besides the loss of life and wounds of victims.

The directorate of the Manchester ship canal asks for £1,500,000 more to complete the canal. They lament the increased cost of material, etc., necessitating the request of additional funds.

Willard Perrin, aged 12, son of the Methodist minister at Varona, Ills., was instantly killed while attempting to cross the track in front of a rapidly moving train.

The engine, tender, and one car of a train near Ionia, Ia., dashed through an open switch and plunged over an embankment. The engineer and fireman jumped and saved themselves.

Count Hermsdorff, a member of the Prussian landtag and a provincial councilor, has been arrested at Ingua on the charge of embezzling the proceeds of a sale of 1,300,000 shares of the Friedrichsdorf Iron works.

Julius Wise, colored, was hanged at Lexington Court House, S. C., for murder. He joined the church an hour before his execution.

Harvey Lindley of Los Angeles was nominated for congress by the Republicans of the Sixth California district.

On account of the Michigan supreme court's decisions on the gerrymanders Governor Winans will call a special session of the legislature to pass new acts.

Dominick Cateline, an Italian miner, was killed by a fall of slate in mine No. 3 of the Osage Coal and Mining company at Krebbs, I. T. This is the mine in which 100 men were killed by an explosion last January.

The Dismal swamp of Virginia, where many a fugitive slave has perhaps been engulfed, has been sold to Thomas Ballentine, a millionaire farmer of that state for $16,000.

Last Saturday children wreathed with daisies the bed where Grant passed away at Mount McGregor seven years ago.

* * *

Six Chinamen were caught at Romulus, Mich., in the act of taking a train for Chicago in the company of white men. They were arrested on suspicion of being contraband.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. **It is a God-send** to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P. O. address. **T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.**

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 6, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"On Change."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"The Jockey Partner."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Jane."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"A Trip to the Circus."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IS THE SOUTH LOYAL?

The cheese-parers at Washington seem to have used up the World's Fair $5 000 000. Director General Davis says that the $2,500 000 compromise proposed means defeat. Now the question arises, If the Confederate Brigadiers, who hold the balance of power, refuse $5 000 000 for a peaceful national, and international, object what might they not refuse in the event of a foreign war? Are they to be relied upon? The Nation will have to seriously consider this problem in the future. THE CITIZEN has all along frankly accepted the ex-Confederate assurances of loyalty to the republic, but their recent action in Washington causes it to suspend judgment. No partisan excuse can justify treason to the honor and the material interests of the United States. How can the Democrats of the North and West explain the conduct of their Southern and Eastern confreres?

LORD WOLSELEY'S GROSS IGNORANCE CORRECTED.

It is passing strange that when some men, however able in a particular line, step outside their own sphere of action, or of experience, they blunder as badly as the veriest general dunce. THE CITIZEN is surprised to find General Lord Wolseley making himself ridiculous after this fashion. In a recent letter addressed to the Rev David R. Williamson, of Kirkmaiden, Scotland, Gen Wolseley says:

"I am afraid I cannot claim to have a drop of Irish blood in my body; and my grandfather was the first of my belongings who was born in Ireland. We are a Staffordshire family, and came from Wolseley, where we had been for at least three or four centuries before the conquest of England. I am very fond of Ireland and of the Irish people, among whom I was brought up. * * * Life is too short to correct all the nonsense that is published about one nowadays, and I have no time for such work, even if I had the inclination to put busybodies right. * * Irish history is wrapped in obscurity. One thing only is certain, that there never was a kingdom of Ireland. No man ever ruled there until we (does he mean the English or the Wolseleys?) conquered it," we must beg to take the gallant general by the ear and correct his "history." If the general will take the trouble of reading the Annals of the Four Masters, translated into English, which can be found in the Dublin libraries; or the histories of Keating and McGeohegan, he will blush at the shameful misstatements he has blundered into. The early history of Ireland is certainly not more obscure than that of England or Scotland. Long after the boasted Anglo-Saxons ruled in England, as well as centuries before their advent, that country was split into several petty "kingdoms." Every school boy is familiar with the period of the Saxon heptarchy. When the Danes came and subdued the Saxons, the latter did not entirely accept the yoke of the Norsemen, and, eventually, the Saxon line was restored, only to be exterminated a few years later by the invasion of the Normans who, practically, laid all England beneath their feet by the issue of the single battle of Hastings, in 1066 Indeed, it may be said that only then, in reality, did England become a kingdom, because the rule of her former monarchs, both Saxon and Scandinavian, was, in great part, nominal or precarious.

Now, in order not to torture too much the memory, or the literary industry, of General Wolseley, THE CITIZEN will only go back fifty-two years before the Norman conquest of England for a kingly illustration with which to confront him. In that year, and for long years previous to it, Brian of Kinkora was Ard Righ (head king) and monarch of all Ireland. We will admit that he had to conquer his way to the title, which had been borne by many Irish monarchs before him, but, in order, as we have said, to oblige Lord Wolseley, we will waive the latter point When Brian rallied all Ireland, excepting a few isolated Leinster septs, to his standard at Clontarf on Good Friday, 1014 he was as truly king of the whole nation as Harold was king of England, when William the Norman defeated and slew him in 1066. Brian died at Clontarf, but it was in the arms of victory, and his death, together with that of his brave son Murrough, and his equally gallant grandson, Turlough, not to mention numerous other fearless and able princes of the House of Thomond, left the nation without a chief of ability, whom all could recognize and obey, to follow up the advantage of the expulsion of the Danes. Ireland paid too dear a price for the victory of Clontarf, because, if the Danes had continued to hold their own, they would have been as Irish as the Irish when the Normans came over under Strongbow and Fitzstephen in 1169. And, in fact, among Ireland's truest sons have been the men of Danish descent, the Floods and the Farlongs, the Nellsons and the Sigersons, of the past and the present.

General Wolseley may affect the well dissembled ignorance of his English pay masters in regard to King Brian and Clontarf, but, fortunately, the documents, as well as the traditions, that prove the reality of the victor and the victory survive, and can be found in the archives of the very government that has attempted, with unremitting zeal, to strangle Irish history and Irish liberty together, as well as outside of them. Even Macaulay, to whom he alludes, would not go to such absurd lengths of denial, although he was one of the most vicious historical assassins that ever put pen to paper.

But, in any case, supposing there never was an Irish monarchy, what has that to do with the question of national independence? There never was an American monarch, except in the far-fetched colonial sense, but that did not hinder the American Revolutionists from obtaining their freedom by force and arms.

Lord Wolseley, however, will not deny that there was an Irish parliament. His brain will not be in danger of softening in trying to remember and acknowledge that much. The present Irish struggle aims not at the restoration of the ancient Irish Celtic monarchy, but of the more modern Irish Celto Saxon parliament, which was destroyed by force fraud, and every perversion of human justice, in 1800. Lord Wolseley has to go back only ninety two years to observe this grievous spectacle, and as he is now nearly 60, the fact of which we speak existed barely a generation before he was born. Granted even that the English conquered and made Ireland a kingdom. Do they challenge their own charters? Is Lord Wolseley aware that the Anglo Irish parliament of the Pale, in the year 1460, refused to outlaw Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, pretender to the crown of England against Henry VI, at the bidding of the English parliament?* Did not the Anglo-Irish parliament declare, and here was the foundation of Grattan's broader declaration in 1782, that "the English parliament had no right or authority, or jurisdiction, to bind the parliament of Ireland," or words to that effect? In any case, the Duke of York was not surrendered or outlawed, and two of his sons, both great men and great ruffians, subsequently reigned in England.

General Lord Wolseley has fought the Russians, the Indians, the Ashantees and the Arabs, but he cannot whistle down Irish history merely because he lost an eye in the Crimea and captured King Coffee's umbrella at Coomassie. Neither can he sugar-coat his prejudice by blarneying the wretched Irish devils, who take the Saxon shilling, and put on England's monkey jacket. Ireland's history is as the Rock of Ages, that storms cannot affect or earthquakes overthrow. Its heroic lineaments stand boldly forth in rath and cromleach, round tower of the fire-worshipper and altar of the Druid. It survives in the remains of Emhain and Cruchan, of Kinkora and of Tara, in her speech and her music and the constancy of her faith. Gold and steel have been used to obliterate it, but Ireland has spurned the one and defied the other. As the gospels of the Evangelists light the splendid pathway of the Christian world, so do the annals of Ireland cheer the night of her long bondage, and, in the words of one of her eloquent sons, proclaim that "liberty, like the light of stars long hidden, and for centuries traveling, will reach her shores at last."

[*NOTE—"It was the month of November (1460) when the fugitive Duke (Richard of York), arrived (in Dublin) to assume the Lord Lieutenancy which he had formerly exercised. Legally his commission for those who recognized the authority of King Henry (VI.) had expired four months before, as it bore date from July 5 1449: but it is evident that the majority of the Anglo-Irish received him as a prince of their own election rather than as an ordinary Viceroy. He held, soon after his arrival, a Parliament in Dublin, which met by adjournment at Drogheda the following spring (1460) The English Parliament having declared him, his duchess, sons and principal adherents traitors, and writs to that effect having been sent over, the Irish Parliament passed a Declaratory act (1460) making the service of all such writs treason against their authority, 'it having been ever customary in their land to receive and entertain strangers with due respect and hospitality.' Under this law an emissary of the Earl of Ormond, on whom the English writs were found, was executed as a traitor. This independent Parliament confirmed the Duke in his office, made it high treason to imagine his death, and, taking advantage of the favorable juncture of affairs, they further declared that the inhabitants of Ireland could only be bound by laws made in Ireland; that no writs were of force unless issued under the great seal of Ireland; that the realm had of ancient right its own Lord Constable and Earl Marshal, by whom alone trials of treason alleged to have been committed in Ireland could be conducted."—*T. D. McGee's History of Ireland, Vol 1, pp. 110 and 111.*]

THE IRISH NATIONAL CELEBRATION, AUG. 15

The Irish Nationalists of Chicago will celebrate, under the auspices of the United Irish Societies, the 294 h anniversary of the glorious victory of Beal an-atha-buidhe, or the Yellow Ford, at Ogden Grove on Monday, Aug. 15. For sixteen years the United Irish Societies have held this annual demonstration at the historic grove, and each succeeding one has been more successful than the other. Aug 15 is a double anniversary in Irish history. It commemorates not alone the victory of the Yellow Ford—the greatest in modern Irish history—but also that of the Curlew Mountains, where, in the year 1597, Red Hugh O'Donnell put to flight the English enemy.

Norreys and Clifford well
Can of Tyrconnell tell
Clan Conal's dread war-cry,
O'Donnell aboo!

John Mitchel in his grand life of Hugh O'Neill, states that the battle of Beal-an-atha buidhe was fought on Aug. 10, 1598, but Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who, whatever his other faults, was a miraculously correct historian, states, in his admirable History of Ireland, that it was fought on Lady Day, Aug. 15, in that year, and, as McGee had access to all the documents and was of a most painstaking disposition, he is the more likely to be correct in dates. Besides, as the choice of the day of battle lay with O'Neill, who was acting on what is known in military parlance as the offensive defensive, it is not improbable that, like O'Donnell, he chose a day sacred in Ireland for over a thousand years as the one devoted exclusively to the honor of the Virgin Mother, as a propitious time in which to smite the Northmen and Saxons, under Marshal Bagenal, hip and thigh, which, indeed, he did most effectively, slaying three-fourths of their army, putting the rest to ignominious rout, and capturing all their artillery, small arms, colors, treasure and camp equipage. Walter Scott says of that gallant triumph in his poem of "Rokeby"—

"Who has not heard how brave O'Neill
In English blood imbrued his steel?
Against St. George's cross blazed high
The banners of his tanistry;
To fiery Essex gave the foil,
And reigned a prince on Ulster soil.
But chief arose his victor pride
When that brave marshal fought and died,
And Avonduff to Ocean bore
His billows red with Saxon gore.

It is this noble victory, famed in song and story, that the Irish Nationalists of Chicago and Cook county will celebrate on Monday week, as they have celebrated it during so many years. Carping critics may say it has been a long time fought. Well so it has, but the victory of Morat by the Swiss over Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, has been fought much longer and is still celebrated annually by the patriotic people of that country. The Poles celebrate the victory of John Sobieski over the Turks at Vienna, and that battle was fought less than a hundred years later than the Yellow Ford. Besides, our quarrel with England is not settled yet, and it is well to keep alive the memory of the glorious deeds of our warlike forefathers, who would look upon the present peaceful and legal generation of Irishmen with about the same degree of respect that untamed lions regard degenerate domestic felines. But, after all, our fierce, uncompromising sires ought to be grateful that we do not altogether forget their prowess.

The chairman of the afternoon meeting will be the Hon. Francis Agnew, and the orators, the Hon. M. V. Gannon, of Omaha, president of the Irish National League of America, and M. P. Brady, of this city. In the evening Mr. John J. Fitzgibbon will preside, and John F. Finerty and others will address the assemblage.

A grand feature of the celebration will be the exhibition of fireworks, which will begin much earlier this year than o' yore, in order that all of the pleasure seekers may witness its brilliancy. Among other figures will be displayed the Green Flag and Harp of Ireland; the victorious Red Hand of Ulster, waving above the Yellow Ford, and a mammoth representation of the Irish houses of parliament in College Green, as they appeared during the last session of the Irish parliament in 1799-1800 As Home Rule seems to be emerging from the clouds of defeat, great enthusiasm will undoubtedly be aroused by the celebration and the exhibition.

THE SPANIARDS BADLY "SOLD"

So Hobart Chatfield Taylor, ex proprietor of the Anti-Catholic, bitterly Know-nothing, recently deceased weekly paper, *America*, which once polluted the moral atmosphere of this city, has been appointed consul for Chicago by the Catholic court and ministry of Spain! And said Taylor, the ultra Nativist, the hater of everything "foreign," has accepted this civic honor at the hands of "foreign" and "Romish" Spain! Has the person indicated been converted by some miracle in the cloisters of Compostella? Has Santiago, of that shrine, purified his bitter heart? Now, supposing his ex editor, the blue nose literary brigand, Sisson Thompson, were to go to Rome, it would not surprise us if he were to come back as a representative of the Vatican itself. Verily, with such cattle as Taylor and Thompson it is one thing to be Catholic in Spain or Italy, but quite a different thing in America. In those countries we Catholics can give away honors and emoluments, while here we stand in the way of the Taylors and the Thompsons. All hail, Senor Don Hobarto Chatfieldo Taylorissimo, Editorio Americano-Knownothingo-Anti-Catholico-Cheeko-Hypocritico-Profundo! Santa Maria! but we feel like laughing at the simple Spaniards, who have been so coolly taken in and done for!

MRS. JENNIE DEVIN REILLY.

The sad intelligence reached us on Monday of the death of Mrs. Jennie Devin Reilly, of Washington, D.C., widow of Ireland's gallant champion and John Mitchel's chosen friend, Thomas Devin Reilly, of Young Ireland fame. The news was conveyed in the following note from her steadfast well-wisher, that excellent Irish-American, Mr. J D. O'Connell, of the national capital:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF STATISTICS, WASHINGTON, D.C., July 30, 1892.—*My Dear Finerty:* Word has at this moment (3 o'clock p m) been received of the sudden death of our dear old friend Mrs Devin Reilly, which occurred at the Colonial Beach, Virginia, this morning. She went to that resort two weeks ago as the guest of her friend Mrs. Frank Schwarz of this city, who has a beautiful cottage at that place. Mrs. Reilly, I am informed, wrote several letters yesterday and appeared to be in her ordinary health, which, however, had not been good for several months, last night. This morning she was found dead in her bed. Heart disease is supposed to have carried her off She has a sister living in Philadelphia, but I don't know her exact address. The remains of Mrs. Reilly will reach here Sunday morning, and will be interred with due honor beside those of her illustrious husband, Thomas Devin Reilly, in Mount Olivet cemetery. The funeral arrangements have not yet been perfected. Yours in haste, J. D O'CONNELL"

Mrs. Reilly shared to the fullest extent the patriotic sentiments of her husband, and was a great favorite with all the Young Ireland leaders, particularly John Mitchel, who gave her a fine portrait of himself, with an inscription that did justice to her virtues as a wife and her patriotism as an Irishwoman. Her maiden name was Miller, and she was born of a highly respectable Protestant family in the north of Ireland. After her marriage with Devin Reilly, she chose to become a communicant, wishing, as she used to say laughingly, "to go to heaven by the same route as Devin." One child was born to the patriot couple, but she died in early girlhood, leaving the afflicted mother quite alone, as Mr. Reilly had died, suddenly also, some years before the little one was taken to the better land. The widow received an appointment in the Treasury Department, through the influence of Mr. Reilly's many friends, and this she retained, with only a brief period out of office, until the day of her death. In this connection THE CITIZEN has pleasure in bearing testimony to the chivalry of all the secretaries of the treasury from the days of Lincoln to those of Harrison; and not one of them deserves more thanks than Secretary Foster. Mrs. Reilly's chief-est affliction was chronic rheumatism. She had been a lady of remarkable personal charms, but, in her latter years, she grew rather stout and her health decreased accordingly. Her mind was exceedingly bright. She was full of humor, anecdote and reminiscence, and she was always the centre of a social circle that adored her. A kinder hearted friend, a more faithful wife or a more tender mother never lived. She was, indeed, worthy to be a patriot's bride.

A great many articles written by Devin Reilly, in the stormy days of 1848, were attributed to Mitchel, among others the celebrated vitriol throwing article, which caused such fright and horror in England. But Mitchel, who was exasperated with everything English at the time, did not care to deny the editorial, nor would he allow Reilly, whom he loved like a brother, to avow the authorship. It was Devin Reilly also who applied the terms 'Give-'n" Duffy, and "Darkey" McGee to two well known Young Ireland leaders, who, in after times, accepted office under the English Crown in the colonies. But he is best remembered by his passionate appeal to the Dublin Clubs to rescue Mitchel after his sentence to transportation in May, '48 Replying to the weak objection that the time was inopportune, he said, "The time—the time is now! When will it come if it comes not when your chosen chief is dragged through the streets of Dublin, a chained felon on his way to banishment? You have muskets! Do you wait until angels come down from heaven and pull their triggers for you?" He was, nevertheless, overruled. Mitchel was banished, and with him the courage of Ireland, for that time at least.

We sincerely lament the death of Mrs. Reilly. We had the honor of her friendship and we have often been rejoiced by the beautiful glow of a mind whose every thought was pure and noble. The earth has closed above her mortal part as we write, the warm heart is cold forever, and the lips that charmed so many are silent until the eternal trumpet-call bids them speak again the words of love, friendship and charity. Her dust will mingle with the dust of husband and of child, s their spirits will blend in the beatified atmosphere of heaven. And those who make a pilgrimage to Mount Olivet cemetery, Washington, will pause before the monument raised above the clay of the patriot by the hands of his grateful countrymen, and, kneeling upon the sod sanctified by manly courage, womanly fidelity and childish purity, pray that ever from the soil which nourishes Ireland's imperishable symbol may such virtues spring as mingle forever in the graves of that noble household.

COL. EDMUND LYNCH.

Col. Edmund Lynch, the distinguished lawyer, temperance apostle and publicist, of Lincoln, Ill., died at his home last week, after a short illness, at the early age of 50 years. Col. Lynch was a model citizen and set a good example not only to his immediate community but to all the State. His death is a bereavement to the public of this country, because his virtues extended around him "like a circle o'er the wave," and the influence of his fine character was felt wherever his name was spoken. Not less than 10 000 people, comprising citizens of all parties, creeds, colors and conditions, thronged around his bier and mourned the death of a friend, guide and benefactor whose loss cannot be supplied.

FATHER KEEGAN VS. PARNELL AND "THE CITIZEN."

If the Rev. Father Keegan, writing in the *Western Watchman* of St. Louis, in its issue of the 28th ult., meant the editor of THE CITIZEN when he wrote "after giving the most thoroughgoing support to Parnell and the Parnellites for the last two years, he (meaning the editor) declared in his paper, some days ago, that if the nine Parnellite members of Parliament should vote against Gladstone, their constituents would lynch them. No doubt he felt that in thus writing he was displaying as real goodwill for his friends as when a few weeks ago he told them they were the fellows and their's was the policy to free Ireland. It is to be hoped they will take his words to heart. This may seem strange policy, yet the man to whom it is ascribed is one of the best and truest Irishmen alive: and while the rest of us may blame him for being inconsistent, we are quite as much so ourselves," he is very much at sea in regard to our sentiments and our policy. While Parnell lived THE CITIZEN, as in honor and loyalty bound, stood by him against all the opposing forces. Since he has been laid in the grave it urged an independent policy toward the English Whigs but above all else, Union. Both parties have now, it would appear, declared themselves independent of Whig dictation. THE CITIZEN did not say the nine Parnellites would be lynched by their constituents if they should vote against *Gladstone.* Following are its exact words, excerpted from the article alluded to by Father Keegan, published on July 23:

"The Liberals, Laborites, McCarthyites and Parnellites have their minor differences, it is true, but so have the Tories and Liberal-Unionists. On the question of Home Rule, Gladstone's forty odd majority will stand good, however it may divide on lesser causes. The only opposition that can be expected from the nine Parnellites, is a tendency toward making the Home Rule bill more radical than it might be otherwise. This would do no harm whatever. On the contrary it would have a healthy influence. But the Parnellites would not dare, even if they desired, to vote against *a decent Home Rule measure.* If they did, their constituencies would lynch them."

There is, as Father Keegan will admit, a vast deal of difference between voting for a decent Home Rule bill and for the coming British premier as an individual. If Gladstone were to bring in an indecently insufficient Home Rule bill, we believe that both McCarthyites and Parnellites would vote it down, as an insult to Ireland. A file, dear Father Keegan, is a very handy thing to have around. There is often a vast difference between what the editor of THE CITIZEN really writes, and what other people say he writes. So, also, between the acts he really does and those that others ascribe to him. The policy of THE CITIZEN has been consistent on the Irish question throughout. It has always kept the old cause and the old flag in sight, and has endeavored to sustain the representatives of the Irish people who, in their public acts and expressions, came nearest to its ideal. THE CITIZEN regrets that Father Keegan has not yet mitigated his harshness toward Parnell, now lying mute, in "cold obstruction" in Glasnevin, but persists in calling him "a god of clay!" His error cost him his leadership and his life, but, even in the hour of misfortune and humiliation, he was faithful to the unhappy woman whose honor had been compromised.

He erred. Is that more than to say he was human?
Yet how dearly he paid for the errors of youth;
Who has proved, as he proved, man's fealty to woman?
Who has left us such texts of hope, freedom and truth?

Had Parnell denied the intrigue with the woman he subsequently married; had he abandoned her to the sneers and the contumely of the world; had he, in short, been a knave and a hypocrite, instead of an erring but humane and generous mortal, he could have retained his leadership and been still the admired of all admirers, including his Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin. THE CITIZEN does not defend Parnell's offense, but it does say that he made all the reparation in his power. He was a Protestant; so was the divorced wife of the despicable Captain O'Shea. The whole Irish party knew of the intrigue for years. Is it too much to say that some eminent churchmen, who acquiesced in Parnell's leadership, knew of it also? Why did they not depose him—parliamentarians and prelates alike—before the shock came in the English divorce court? Why did they jump upon him only when his offense was made manifest to the world? Is the crime of adultery any the less odious because only a few are cognizant of it? Did not his Grace of Dublin, Timothy Healy, John Dillon, William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, Thomas Sexton, T. D. Sullivan, Michael Davitt and the rest know all about the O'Shea scandal as far back—we state the minimum time—as 1885? We resume our seat and wait for a reply.

A DISGUSTED PATRIOT.

The extraordinary assumption, paralyzing disregard of facts and cranky temper of some persons who take it upon themselves to lecture the editor of THE CITIZEN on his Irish policy are well illustrated by the following communication from a subscriber in the Dakotas:

RAPID CITY, Dak., July 30.—*To the Editor:* Had you advocated the cause which the late Mr. C. S Parnell advocated at the same time the split took place, and after his death, Ireland might have been today united. You stood on the fence until it was too late, and in your issue of July 23 you say sensible Englishmen for electing Sir Charles Dilke. Foolish Ireland for killing Parnell, and yet the men who are advocating his principles and trying to hold up the old standard of '98, '48 and '67 you go out of your way to abuse. We can't see further in America than they can in Ireland, and we should not abuse these men, or try to throw cold water on them. It is always the case the men on the fence understand matters much better than the men in the field. I am a subscriber to your paper and a true Irishman, but I dare say you will refuse to publish this letter. Your mention of foolish Ireland is my only apology. I am a true Parnell man.

M. H. BARRY.

When almost every other Irish American paper abandoned Mr. Parnell to his fate, and forgot his services, THE CITIZEN stood by him to the last, and has at all times, in every editorial, advocated the policy of independent opposition to all English parties until they come to Ireland's terms. Yet Mr. Barry, who is evidently not a close reader, accuses us of being "on the fence." If he means that we disapprove of disgraceful faction fighting, which has been the curse of Ireland in all ages, and that that means we are "on the fence" he is right. We don't think there is a man in either of the Irish factions whose personality should cut any figure with Irishmen in comparison with the success of the cause. And, in reality, the McCarthy and Redmond factions of the Irish Parliamentary party agree on all essential points. The fight between their leaders has much more of a personal than a patriotic character, and we are weary of the whole thing. What we want them to do is to shake hands, close their ranks and smash down all English opposition to Irish legislative independence. If this desire on our part is distasteful to Mr. Barry he has our heartfelt compassion.

MIRACULOUS OCEAN TIME.

Mr. F. C. Brown, western general passenger agent of the International Navigation Company, has received information from New York to the effect that the Inman Line steamer "City of Paris" reached her dock at 8 o'clock a. m., July 27, having made the ocean trip in the remarkably short time of only 5 days, 15 hours, 58 minutes, this being the fastest time ever made. Her daily runs were respectively: 478, 501, 519, 504, 520, and 263 miles.

A SPRINGFIELD, Ill., correspondent writes to say that the A. O. H. in that city is in better condition than it has been for years. An enthusiastic meeting was held

in St. Mary's hall on Sunday evening, and fifteen new members were admitted. The following officers for the ensuing year were elected by the Springfield Hibernians: President, Robert Connelly; vice-president, Edward McGlennan; recording secretary, P. Walsh; financial secretary, J. F. Mulready; treasurer, Wm. Reilly; county delegate, Patrick Ferron.

COL PAUL H. DENNIS, a veteran rail road man, well known socially and in politics, died at his home in this city last week. His disease was diabetes. Colonel Dennis was born in New York, but his parents were Irish. He was a man of fine appearance, pleasant disposition and charming manner. The Colonel was attacked by the disease that finally killed him about four years ago, but the vigor of his constitution enabled him to throw it off. As he was over 70, it soon returned in full force, and he suffered greatly until death came to his relief. The Colonel was universally liked and respected in this city.

THE new British parliament met on Thursday evening, but nothing important need be expected from that body until Gladstone moves want of confidence in the Tory government next week. Labouchere, and other British Radicals, are showing the cloven hoof on the Home Rule question, but Gladstone and the Irish "stand pat" on that issue.

WHEN Louisiana was suffering from the effects of floods and epidemics during the sessions of the Forty-eighth Congress, the northern congressmen joined with their southern brethren in voting $1 000,000, or more, for her relief. The Brigadiers then raised no question of constitutional jurisdiction. Why should they do so now? Their conduct justifies the very worst suspicions of their loyalty.

HON. LAWRENCE E. MCGANN has been renominated for congress in the Second District of Illinois. Congressman Durborow has been renominated in the Third District.

AT the hour of going to press, we learn with sorrow of the death of Mr. Peter E Gill who, for five and thirty years, conducted and edited the Tipperary *Advocate*, published at Nenagh. We receive a sketch of Mr. Gill's patriotic career until next issue.

DEATH OF JOHN J. DUFFY.

The veteran American citizen and Irish patriot, Mr. John J. Duffy, died at his home, No 314 Blue Island avenue, this city, on Thursday, July 28, after a brief illness. He was born in the handsome town of Westport, county Mayo, Ireland, in 1821, and received an excellent early training. He came of a long line of Irish rebels against English tyranny, who took a brave part for their country in every generation since the invasion of the Normans. His grandfather saw the tricolor of France first over Humbert's battalions in victory at Killalla and Castlebar in 1798, and he marched with the gallant Frenchmen to glory and defeat at Ballinamuck in September of that famous year. The son of this brave "rebel" was an upholder of O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher in 1848, and, it is no wonder, with such family traditions, that John J. Duffy became a "rebel" himself in 1865 He had visited America as a young man, but returned to Mayo after the Mexican war and married Miss Margaret Carroll, the lady of his heart. Two sons and a daughter were the fruits of this union, but, notwithstanding family responsibilities, John Duffy, when his gallant nephew, Edward Duffy, the organizer of Connacht, was arrested and imprisoned with James Stephens and Charles Kickham in the fall of 1865, took his place as chief centre of Mayo, and fearlessly performed his duty in that capacity. The failure of the "rising" of 1867 led to his arrest, and he was placed in jail with many other good and true Irishmen of that period. Like many others he was offered liberty, if he would take the oath of allegiance and leave the country for a short term. The alternative was to remain in prison or go into exile for twenty years. He spurned the oath of allegiance, and was finally forced into honorable exile, with his devoted wife and young family. He came to Chicago a quarter of a century ago, and engaged in the bakery business with his patriotic sons, John and Joseph, then mere children, and in this was uniformly successful. He remained ever true to the principles of his youth, to the traditions of his patriot family, and died the exemplary death of a devout Catholic and uncompromising enemy of English rule in Ireland. The shamrock may not grow upon his American grave but the flag of liberty, which he ever loved, will brighten the sods above it with the rainbow of hope and the stars of promise.

The funeral of this faithful Irish-American occurred on Saturday morning, July 30, and was numerously attended, as it deserved to be, by his friends, neighbors and admirers. High mass of requiem was celebrated at the church of the Holy Family, the Rev. Father Kelly, S J., acting as celebrant, assisted by other clergymen. Father Kelly, at the conclusion of the mass, delivered a mortuary sermon in which he did ample justice to the Christian virtues of the deceased. The relics were then reconveyed to the hearse by the pall-bearers, Capt. P. McGrath, Matthew Fleming, P C Hearighty, James A. Brady, D K Enright and Martin Walsh. An immense cortege escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery where, in the family lot, they were laid to rest.

Athletic Gaels.

The Finerty and Innisfail Athletic Clubs played a game of hurling last Sunday at the corner of Chicago avenue and Leavitt street, which resulted in a victory for the former club. The game was called at 4:30, both clubs having twenty men. The Finertys were led by Capt. Barry and the Innisfails by Capt O'Connell. John Howe, captain of the O'Mahoney Club, was chosen referee. The Innisfails won the toss for choice of the field. At the end of the first half hour the score was even, each club having scored 2 points. The Finertys then got choice of the field, but after ten minutes' play the Innisfails and the referee disagreed and they refused to play when called on to do so, thereby forfeiting the game to the Finertys.

[We regret that there should have been any disagreement whatever. It would be better to lose fifty games than have one approach to a quarrel in the hurling field. —EDITOR]

OBITUARY.

MR STEPHEN AMBROSE.

Mr. Stephen Ambrose, brother of Mr. John Ambrose, of the Sixth Ward, died of sunstroke at his home, No. 729 Centre avenue, on Friday of last week. He was born near Newcastle West, county Limerick, forty-three years ago, and, as a boy, participated in the attempted insurrection of 1867 in Ireland. After the failure he came to America, took part in the second Fenian invasion of Canada in 1870, and then settled down in Chicago. He was a strict Catholic communicant, a loyal citizen and an Irishman who knew no such word as compromise. He leaves a wife and children. His funeral occurred on Sunday and the interment was at Calvary.

MR JOHN CARNEY.

Mr. John Carney, elder brother of ex-Ald. Thomas Carney, died at his North Side residence last Saturday. He was nearly 70 years old, but was in fairly vigorous health up to the commencement of the recent hot spell. Deceased was held in high respect by all who knew him. The funeral, which was an immense one, occurred on Monday from the residence to the Holy Name Cathedral and thence by carriages to Calvary.

DEATH OF MOTHER CAROLINE.

Mother Caroline, Mother Superior of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in Milwaukee, Wis, and Commissary-General of the Order in America, died at the Convent, Milwaukee, on July 23. She was born in 1821 near Paris, France. Her death was the result of lung troubles Mother Caroline came to America in 1847 when 26 years old, and assisted in founding the Order of Notre Dame in this country. Since 1870 she has been its head-Late in 1850 she located in Milwaukee, the mother-house of the order, and she has resided there ever since. The order has attained a splendid development under her direction. So rapidly and extensively has it spread throughout the country, that a second novitiate had to be opened in Baltimore for the accommodation of candidates from the East Within recent years, the community, which is one of the most efficient of the teaching sisterhoods, has been introduced into New England. It has three flourishing convents and schools in the archdiocese of Boston—at Canton, Malden and the Mission church, Roxbury, Mass.

DEATH OF MR M HENNESSY.

Michael Hennessy, the commercial editor of the New York *Times*, died at his home, No. 227 Baltic street, Brooklyn, N. Y, July 23 from injuries received by a fall in alighting from a horse car on the evening of July 18 Mr. Hennessy had been connected with the *Times* since the first issue was published, Sept. 10 1851.

Mr. Hennessy was born in Thomastown, county Kilkenny, Ireland, Sept. 8 1833 He came to this country with his parents in 1848, and for a number of years the family lived in Frank la street, New York. Mr. Hennessy married, in 1857, Johanna Spruhan, who with six children—three sons and three daughters—survive him.

Mr. Hennessy set le from his work on the *Times*, to which he was devoted most faithfully, contributed at times to the *Pilot* and the *Irish American*, besides doing other literary work. He was an acknowledge authority on questions pertaining to Irish genealogy. In all his work he was thorough, accurate and reliable He was a regular contributor to *Bradstreet's*, writing on such topics as his familiarity with the exchanges made him an authority upon. He was a member of the Produce Exchange.

Mr. Hennessy had one of the most valuable libraries in the country on Catholic and Irish subjects. He was a collector of rare books, and it was in his library that the celebrated Father Tom Burke wrote his reply to Froude on Irish questions.

For over forty years Mr. Hennessy was well known in the business circles of Brooklyn, and was highly respected for his integrity and for his ability in the special line to which he was devoted.

Under the signature of "Laffan" in the *Pilot*, twenty to thirty years ago, Mr. Hennessy attained wide celebrity for the information which he imparted to correspondents as to the origin of Irish names and the history of Irish families. It is safe to say that in his knowledge of these subjects he had no equal. He was a warm friend of the Catholic Reading Circle movement. Mr. Hennessy seldom took part in public matters. He was devoted to his special business and to his home circle, and never appeared on a public platform except to speak on temperance questions He never drank liquor in any shape and never smoked. The funeral was held July 26 from St. Peter's church, Brooklyn. The burial was at Calvary. May he rest in Peace.—*Boston Pilot.*

PERSONAL.

Rev. Dr. Charles O'Reilly, formerly pastor of St. Patrick's church, Detroit, Mich., and ex treasurer of the Irish National League, has returned from an European visit of nearly three years. A goodly portion of this time was spent in Ireland. The Doctor feels convinced that Gladstone will do all in his power to pass a Home Rule measure for Ireland. The Rev. Doctor is undecided as to whether he will remain in this country or return to Europe.—*New South.*

Mrs. Thomas H. Carter, the wife of the chairman of the Republican National Committee, was a Miss Ellen Lillian Galen, the daughter of Hugh F. Galen of the firm of Thomas H. Power & Co., hardware merchants. She was born in the vicinity of Puget Sound, and most of her life previous to and since her marriage has been spent in Helena, Mont. It was there that she first met Mr. Carter, who was practicing law in that city. Her marriage to him took place in the winter of 1886 "Nellie" Galen, as she was called by her intimates, was educated in the Convent of Notre Dame in Indiana, whence she was graduated in music in 1880 In 1883 she finished the academic course and was awarded a medal for excellence in the French language. In addition to these feminine accomplishments Mrs. Carter is a capital shot and an expert horsewoman, having acquired efficiency in both these branches while yet a mere child of 7 or 8 years, running about on her father's ranch. Mrs. Carter has one son, John Galen Carter, who was born about two years ago.—*New York Tablet.*

FATHER GREENE'S LECTURE.

The Patriot Priest Presents Some Potent Facts of Irish History, While Advocating a Homestead for Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

The Rev. Father J J. Greene, of the parish of St. Rose of Lima, delivered his eloquent lecture of "Ireland's Martyrs—Her Plea for Liberty," for the benefit of the Mrs. Curley Homestead Fund, at the Parish Hall of the Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, last Monday evening. Notwithstanding the abnormally hot weather, there was a good attendance, and the reverend lecturer was listened to with rapt attention to the end. His remarks were frequently periodded by loud and continued applause.

Father Greene opened by saying that history contained nothing in its pages more noble or inspiring than the annals of the long conflict between the oppressed and the oppressor. He then traversed with the skill of a master the different phases and periods of the Irish struggle, correcting false history and placing the facts clearly and forcibly before his hearers. We are sorry that limited space prevents us from giving more than a brief outline of the splendid discourse of the patriot priest, but we hope, on a future occasion, to be able to do him complete justice Following is the peroration of Father Greene's fine discourse. Speaking of the United Irishmen he said:

The more far-seeing of the patriots saw that unity among Irishmen in a common bond of brotherhood was to be the one remedy of preserving Irish liberty. Owing to differences between Irish Catholics themselves, and the coolness between them and the Presbyterians, it was difficult to create an Irish nation, the aim of which would be to destroy the power of Britain in that island.

The object of Wolfe Tone, in organizing the "United Irishmen," was to form a brotherhood of affections, a communion of rights, a union of power, among Irishmen of every religious persuasion, with a view to obtain complete reform of the legislative power founded on the principle of civil and religious liberty.

The English government feared the growing importance of this organization Their conventions had been declared illegal; their leaders were arrested, tried before packed juries and found guilty of high treason. While many of them purpled the scaffold with their blood, others were pining in the dungeons of Fort George in Scotland; but they were willing to die for the principle for which they lived. To them—

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruin to fame.

They understood a truth laid in the eternal constitution of things, that men who aspire to greatness must be steeled against adversity. While the leaders were tracked like wild beasts to their lair, the government seconded by its minions acted with barbarous and ferocious deliberation to incite the people to rebellion.

While Tone was arranging in France for the Bantry expedition (an expedition fated never to reach Ireland) the free quarters, house burning, pitch capping tortures, military executions and robberies, to which the people were subjected, taxed their patience beyond endurance. The soldier priest, Father John Murphy, told them rather than submit to such indignities to die with arms in their hands. He himself became their leader. Allied with him in that uprising of the gallant men of Wexford, were thirteen other priests, who did not fear to exchange the stole for the sword, to blend with their people fighting for their homes and altars. The sad ending of that rebellion, and its effect upon Ireland, is well known. Tone shared the fate of his colleagues in that holy alliance. When loaded with chains he told the representatives of the power he aimed to crush, "For the cause I have embraced I regard prouder to wear these chains, than if I were decorated with the star and garter of England." He would like the father of Hannibal take his children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of his country. So would the Fitzgeralds, Sheares and Emmets and the countless thousands of others who suffered for their unfortunate but hopeful land.

The fidelity and sacrifices of the martyrs of Ireland are her plea for liberty. When the unwritten epitaph of Emmet forms the keystone in the arch of the mausoleum, that shall protect the dust of Irish patriots, around that epitaph shall be inscribed the names of those who sleep in foreign tombs, that to their children and their children's children

"The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footsteps of coward or slave
The young spirit of Freedom
Shall shelter their grave
'Neath the shamrocks of Erin
And olives of Spain."

During the dog day season, the drain of nervous and vital energy may be counteracted by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In purifying the blood, it acts as a superb corrective and tonic, and enables the system to defy malarial and other climatic influences.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A O.H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

A Great Effort to be Made to Provide Them With a Home.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER,
} Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund acknowledges the following subscriptions:

Rev. J. M. Cartan, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue	$50 00
H. B. Kagle & Co., 66 Wabash avenue	50 00
Rev. J. J. Greene, St. Rose of Lima, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue	20 00
Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Thirty seventh street and Union avenue	20 00
John Doody, No. 1201 Stone avenue, Town of Lake	10 00
Rev. Thomas Smith, Belvidere, Ill.	10 00
James Maguire, Claremont, Ia.	1 00
John Crowe	1 00
James Sherman, 26 Brighton-st., Boston	2 00
John Crowley, 3718 South Halsted-st.	10 00
Officer John T. Sullivan, 997 Thirty-fourth court	1 00
Patrick Cronin, 3707 South Halsted-st.	2 00
A Friend, Canada	2 00
John Mott, Hyde Park, (Chicago)	5 00
John C. Sullivan, De Pue	1 00

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev M O Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Wants to Know, You Know.

[To the Editor.]

I would like to know if the Rev. M. Leonard does himself and would have others "spurn and repudiate" the prefix Roman when referring to our religion as Roman-Catholic and call ourselves American-Catholics? And as I see no great objects to any other language than the English language being taught in our public schools, will he not lead a movement to have our religious ceremonies performed in the English instead of the Latin tongue? Let him not stop half way in his reform. All or nothing for me.

IRISH-AMERICAN.

Chicago, Aug 1

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:23 a. m; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:59 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p.m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p.m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a.m., arriving at Chicago at 8:30 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE E. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Literary Notes.

The August *St Nicholas* is emphatically a vacation number; that is, an outdoor number, for Americans are usually sensible enough to make vacation mean out-of-doors. No less than five articles deal with the sea: "'Midshipman,' The Cat," a description of a young kitten that lived aboard a yacht and took to the water as if it was amphibious; "A Quiet Beach," by the artist W A Rogers, a description of an ideally old-fashioned beach, with a lighthouse, a clambake, a beach-comber and other delights, and without booths, bangs, or boisterousness; 'Signaling at Sea," and "What News?—In Mid Ocean," two accounts of how messages are sent from one vessel to another at sea; and "A Fishing Trip to Barnegat," telling how two boys and their uncle went out upon the bay and caught fish to their hearts' delight under the patronage of "Captain John." The serial sketches and stories—nowhere so good as in *St Nicholas*—are quite as attractive as these shorter articles, and there are, besides, the poems, bits of verse, and the departments that round out the magazine into a delightful companion for the boat or the cars.

"THE FIGHTING NINTH."

The (Irish) Ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Regiment, under Col. Thos. Cass, left Boston in June, 1861, and was mustered out of service on Boston Common June 21, 1864 Its history in brief is shown by the following list of engagements in which during its term of service it participated:

Hall's Hill, Va., Sept. 18, 1861.
Vienna, Va., Feb 14, 1862.
Drainsville, Va., Feb. 20 1862.
Bethel, Va., March 30, 1862
Yorktown, Va., April 5, 1862.
Siege of Yorktown, Va., April 5 to May 4 1862
West Point, Va., May 7, 1862
New Bridge, Va., May 24 1862
Hanover Court House, Va., May 27 1862.
Mechanicsville, Va., June 26 1862.
Gaines' Mill, Va., June 27 1862
Chickahominy, Va., June 27 1862
White Oak Swamp, Va., June 29, 1862.
Malvern Hill, Va., July 1.
Manassas, Va., Aug. 29 30
Chantilly, Va., Sept. 1.
South Mountain, Md., Sept. 15-16.
Antietam, Md., Sept. 17-18.
Sharpsburg, Md., Sept. 19
Boettler's Mill, Md., Sept. 20
Sheppardstown, Md., Sept. 25.
Morrisville, Va., Dec 30.
Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13-14 1862
Chancellorsville, Va., May 3-4-5, 1863
Ellis' Ford, June 1.
Brandy Station, June 9
Aldie Gap, June 21
Gettysburg, July 1-2 3.
Wapping Heights, July 23
Culpepper, Oct. 13
Bristow Station, Oct. 14
Rappahannock Station, Nov. 7.
Locust Grove, Nov 27 1863
Mine Run, Va., Nov 29-30, 1863
Liberty, Va., Jan. 13 1864.
Wilderness, May 5-6 7.
Laurel Hill, May 8
Po River, May 10
Spottsylvania, May 12
North Anna, May 23
Shady Oak, May 27
Tolopotomy Swamp, May 30.
Bethseda Church, June 3.
Coal Harbor, June 5, 1864.

The number of casualties in the regiment was as follows:

	Killed or died.	Wound'd.	Total.
Officers	18	26	44
Non com. staff & band	—	4	4
Company A	32	69	101
Company B	24	52	76
Company C	17	61	78
Company D	21	60	81
Company E	25	55	80
Company F	21	63	84
Company G	26	47	73
Company H	22	52	74
Company I	24	74	98
Company K	20	50	70
Total	250	612	862

The Lottery to End.

It would appear by the following item from a recent issue of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* that the suggestion in several newspapers of late, that the Louisiana State Lottery Company intends setting up business elsewhere, is erroneous and that it will close up shop at the expiration of its present charter:

In view of the extraordinary rumors circulated regarding the intentions of the Louisiana State Lottery Company and in order to accurately answer numerous inquiries, a representative of the *Times-Democrat* yesterday interviewed Mr. Paul Conrad, the president of the company, with the result expressed below.

Reporter—Mr. Conrad, it was asserted some weeks ago in the Northern newspapers, and the statement has since been revived recently, that the company is about to remove to Nicaragua, and there, under a government franchise, open up the business on a grander scale than ever.

President Conrad—I have heard something of this, but there is no foundation for it. The company has officially stated that it bows to the decision of the Supreme Court and will respect the laws.

Reporter—Then you have no plans of future action?

President Conrad—I cannot state the case more strongly than was done at the time the company decided not to attempt to obtain a renewal of its charter. I can only repeat that the company will continue in business until the expiration of its present charter and then cease to exist. I cannot understand, after all that has been said, why there should be any confusion in the public mind about the matter.

Reporter—Have you any objection to my stating this as a finality for the satisfaction of the public?

President Conrad—None whatever.

Reporter—Some of the Eastern papers, Mr. Conrad, persistently assert that the lottery company continues to use the United States mails in the prosecution of its business; will you kindly tell me if that is true?

President Conrad—It is utterly untrue. We are obeying the law in its letter and spirit, and our agents everywhere are instructed to obey it. We are using the express companies only in our business, and in all our circulars are printed instructions to all persons dealing with us to avoid the mails.

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Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west northwest and southwest

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We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes, Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Mackinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered.
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308 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

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Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
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Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st. Chicago.

JAMES O'DONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 983.

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CORREGGIO'S "ST. SEBASTIAN."

Bound by the hands, but with respect unto
Fixed on Madonna, seeing all that they were
The cruel thorns upward face hath sighted,
Still and resigned:
Oh, bliss, when with mute rites two souls are

As the young aspen leaves rejoice, though to
In the soft visit of the air, the current of the
Thou hast the peril of a captive's chances;
Caught in the play of heaven's divine ad-

While cherubs struggle on the clouds of lumi-
The babe looks through them, far below, on
Most clear of bond must they be reckoned,
To theirs whose eyes by other eyes are beck-

Though arrows rain on breast and throat they
While thy tenacious face they fail an instant
Oh, might mine eyes, so without measure,
The world with thong and dart might do its

—Michael Field in London Academy.

YANKEE COAL.

"I know it's a right smart offer, squire, and $500 is a big sum of money for a pilot to get for taking a pair of boats from Pittsburg to New Orleans, but, don't you see, there's a heap o' risk to run. I ain't afeerd o' what the rivers can do, for I've been down the Ohio and Mississip' times enough to make their acquaintance pretty well, but feelin's are hot among the people along the banks o' the lower waters, and 'twould be as much as a man's neck'd be worth to be caught with a broadhorn of Yankee coal anywheres betwixt Cairo and the Old Red Church." (The place where the coalboats used to tie up at New Orleans.)

"I'm well aware, Jack Leathers, that the risk is great," replied Squire Thomas, the owner of the coal. "But we have the boats all loaded and I want them started, even though they don't get farther than the mouth of the Ohio. So I promise you $500 if you go through to New Orleans all right, with $200 in advance, which will be yours if your trip does not extend beyond Cairo."

"As I said," returned Jack, who was one of the oldest pilots on the two rivers, "it's a 'mazin temptin offer. And if I can pick up a crew of square men here in Pittsburg I'll make a start of it."

"That's right, Leathers," answered the skipper. "Offer them $150 apiece, one-third in advance."

"Very well, squire, and if any of the boys are loafing around that's got the 'bottom' in 'em to go with me, I'll be ready to 'cast off' at daylight tomorrow morning."

Jack Leathers did not meet with so much difficulty in picking up a crew as he had anticipated, for, although the war clouds of civil strife had already begun to lower over the country, the ignorant boatman did not realize the bitter feeling with which the people of the south were imbued, and consequently had not the fears for their safety which the pilot, more enlightened, possessed.

"It's no more than right for me to tell you, boys, that we're startin on what may be the hottest trip that any of us have ever taken down stream. So if there's one among you that feels scary, he can jest chuck his plunder on the bank an go ashore right here, for after we swing out into the Ohio not a man shall leave the boats till we get to New Orleans, unless he's taken by officers or soldiers along the way, or we strike a snag and have to swim for it."

"Ain't you going down, Jack?" asked one of the crew significantly.

"I should say I was," was the grim answer.

"Then I reckon we uns have got as much sand as you uns, so there ain't any need of more talk about it."

Though the reply was given in a gruff, almost surly tone, yet the pilot was well pleased to receive it, as he knew the nature of the material he had to deal with, and accepted the laconic retort of the rough boatman for what it was—viz., a pledge of fidelity.

As the pair of long, unwieldy coalboats swung out into the stream and felt the current of the river, they were heartily cheered by the crowd of idle spectators who were gathered upon the shore.

"I wish we'd waited until night afore makin a start," grumbled the pilot to his assistant, Billy Brown. "Now the news that Jack Leathers with a broadhorn of Pittsburg coal is headed down river will travel a good sight faster'n we will, and we may look for trouble even afore we git to Cairo."

"Well, my advice is, Jack, not to hug that trouble before it comes abroad," replied the youthful and light hearted "second" as he gave a vigorous sweep with his long steering oar, as much to emphasize his remark as to guide the boat out into midstream.

"I don't propose to. But, don't you see, while we're up here among the Union folks, if any one stops and asks us what we've got we can say we've got Yankee coal and tell the truth. But when we get down into the Mississip' and the other chaps hail us we can't say we're loaded with a secesh cargo, 'cause that'd be a lie, and Jack Leathers hasn't told a lie since he was a boy."

"Well," replied his companion, "you wouldn't catch Bill Brown hesitating long between a lie that would burn his tongue and the noose of a rope. If I was in charge of this broadhorn, and any one around here asked me what I'd got, I should say Yankee coal. If I was down about Vicksburg way, and the chaps should ask me the same question, I would tell 'em secesh coal. If they took my word for it and let me pass, I'd sleep a heap sight sounder that night, thinking I had squeezed through a mighty narrow hole."

The conscientious chief slowly shook his head, but made no answer for several minutes; finally he said:

"Perhaps there's some way we can get around it. Now, Kentucky is as much secesh as she is for the Union, so I was thinkin if we could make a trade for a hundred bushels or so of her coal, we'd have both kinds aboard and we'd be all right."

Brown smiled at the novel manner in which his pilot proposed to quiet his conscience, though he had to admit it was not a bad scheme.

"But," he remarked, "won't the rebs capture us if we make a landing to try that kind of a barter?"

"Yes, they would be likely to. But it struck me that before we got out of the Ohio we might meet a steamer that'd be willin to exchange. I know most o' the cap'ns, and wouldn't mind throwin in a few extra bushels for the sake o' the accommodation."

This idea seemed to greatly please both men, although Brown observed that he would not go to so much trouble, and volunteered to do all the lying in case they were stopped and questioned.

To this Leathers would not consent; so the matter was dropped.

Day and night the broadhorn floated tranquilly down the Ohio. One after another the large towns and cities were passed, and our friends could see that everywhere on shore great excitement prevailed.

They were now journeying through what might be termed a neutral country, for the people at this time had not openly espoused the cause of the other side.

Nearly a week they had been absent from Pittsburg when they arrived at Louisville. Here they were obliged to haul up and await their turn in passing through the canal.

"You uns won't get very far with that Yankee coal," observed a loafer on the levee.

"The boats from down river say that they uns are just lookin for such chaps as you uns."

"Reckon they be," replied Brown, to whom the remark was addressed. "And they won't have to look hard to find us, for a broadhorn ain't so small an object that it can't be seen from one bank to another."

That was the only comment made which would tend to cause the boatmen to fear for their safety farther along. When again well on their way, leaving the city behind them, the pilot said:

"I've fixed it, Billy. I've fixed it all right. You know Hub Skelton, the cap'n o' the Sandusky? Well, he's coming out o' Louisville some time tonight, and'll overhaul us a long way this side o' Cairo. He's agreed to slow down an make fast, an give us 120 bushels o' secesh coal for 120 o' ourn. What do you think o' that, my boy?"

"It's a right pert scheme," was the reply, "seem it ain't a-goin to delay us any, an will be a heap of relief to your mind."

"That's just it, my lad."

Some hours after midnight the heavy puffing of a high pressure boat was heard approaching from up the river.

"There's the Sandusky!" exclaimed Leathers. "Now, light another lantern, Bill, and swing it so Skelton'll know it's us."

As soon as the signal was displayed, the experienced boatmen could tell by the sounds that reached them that the steamer was slowing down.

"It's all right," said the pilot. "Stand by for her lines. And you fellows get ready to roust 120 bushels aboard of her lively."

"Cur'us, a boat jest out o' Louisville wantin ter buy coal," grumbled one of the men.

"P'raps she's secesh an the Yanks wouldn't sell it to her, or p'raps she's a Yank and the secesh wouldn't sell it to her," returned another of the crew. "You can't tell how it is in these times."

It did not take long to secure the hawsers, and the big steamer and the broadhorn floated on down the river side by side.

When the boatmen saw the negro crew of the Sandusky pass them with filled baskets and dump coal on their own pile, they came to the conclusion that either Leathers, the pilot, or the captain of the steamer, or both, were crazy, but they continued their labor until ordered to cease.

Then the big boat drew ahead, and soon her red hot smokestacks disappeared around the bend farther down.

Leathers fairly danced with delight when the exchange had been completed and he was again alone with his little band. Calling his crew to him, he said:

"Now, boys, if we're hauled up afore we reach the Mississippi, or leastwise afore we pass Island Number Ten, and any one asks what we've got aboard, tell 'em 'Pittsburg coal,' but after that, mind you, it's Kentucky, for we've just taken some out o' the Sandusky."

As the cleverness of the pilot's scheme dawned upon the none too brilliant minds of the boatmen, they burst into a hearty laugh and congratulated their superior upon his strategy.

On, on they drifted, until the Mississippi opened before them. Although many boats were met, some containing officers and soldiers in uniform, they were interrupted but once before they reached the Father of Waters.

"If you know when you're well off, you'd better work in and make a landing on the Illinois shore and sell your coal for what it will fetch," advised a man who had come off in a skiff to hail them. "If you don't, the secesh will seize it and chuck you fellows overboard to the catfish."

"I hope things ain't quite as bad as that," returned Leathers.

"If they're not now they will be before you get 200 miles further."

By this time the man in the skiff was so far astern that his voice could scarcely be heard, and the pilot winked at his assistant and chuckled.

The third night after passing Cairo they were startled by seeing a boat containing six men shoot out of the darkness and its occupants spring over the rail.

The strangers were armed and quickly covered the two pilots with their revolvers.

"Where are you from?" demanded the leader.

"We left Louisville two weeks ago," promptly replied Brown.

"No lies. This is Yankee coal," asserted the newcomer.

"Now if that stuff you're standin on warn't mined in Kentucky you may hang Jack Leathers to any tree on the bank," retorted the pilot.

"Ah, Leathers, is that you?" went on the officer of the guard. "Now I know we've captured a prize." And turning to his followers he continued: "Two of you men jump into the skiff and run his line out to the shore. And you, Leathers, order your crew to the oars. You must make a landing at Vicksburg. Ah, ha, this lot of Yankee coal is just what the boys are in need of."

"I tell you," persisted the pilot, "I've got Kentucky coal aboard."

"Perhaps you have; but we'll see."

As the two secessionists got into the boat Brown went forward to hand them the end of the warping line. In passing among his own crew he whispered:

"Look here, if those fellows take us to Vicksburg every one of us will hang before daylight. It seems to me mighty cowardly to allow half a dozen men, though they are armed, to capture thirty big fellows like us."

A low growl was the response, but it meant volumes.

"Pay out! Pay out!" shouted the soldiers in the boat.

"All right," returned the second pilot. "Pull away, you're getting it now faster'n you can take it." Though in reality Brown was holding onto the rope until he could secure a piece of timber to it, to mislead the would be captors and induce them them to think they were towing a hawser. Then he cut the line and noiselessly dropped the log of wood into the water.

In the darkness the four southerners, who were gathered about the indignant pilot, could not see what was going on, nor did they realize any change in the situation until they felt their arms pinioned to their sides and heavy hands placed over their mouths.

"What does this mean?" questioned Leathers.

"Means," replied the intrepid Brown, "that we don't propose to make a landing at Vicksburg, that's all."

"It's a bold stroke, but perhaps the best one," replied Leathers. "Secure them firmly until we get by the city. It won't take half an hour to leave the lights behind. Where are the two rascals that went off in the skiff?"

"Towing a log of wood ashore to secure it to the bank," answered Brown, with a chuckle.

All eyes were now strained to detect the presence of another guardboat should one be abroad upon the river but our friends were not molested and the broadhorn swept by the city where ere long was to be the scene of carnage and strife.

As the sun arose the coalboats were well down in the sparsely settled country, and Leathers, having secured the soldiers' weapons, ordered them to be released and invited them to join him at breakfast.

"What are you going to do with us?" demanded the officer, as soon as he recovered speech.

"Set you adrift in one of my skiffs when you have finished eating," was the cool reply.

"You'll be made to suffer for this, believe me, Leathers."

"Oh, I reckon not. My instructions were to take this coal south as quickly as possible, and not to "tie up" or allow myself to be stopped under any circumstances. And I judge the officer who is looking for this cargo is a little bit higher up than you are, my friend."

"But where are you taking it?"

"There's another of my instructions. Not to tell a soul on the river to whom it is consigned. So if you have finished your repast you may climb into the skiff and go back to Vicksburg. It'll be a hard pull, I know, but it is your own fault. You should have taken my word and not made the attempt to retard my progress."

In a surly mood the soldiers took their seats in the boat, and without responding to the pilot's farewell started on a good ten mile row against the strong current of the Mississippi.

When they were well out of hearing Leathers grasped the hand of his assistant and said:

"Brown, you did well, and if we reach New Orleans all right you shall have a hundred dollars for last night's work, if I have to pay it myself."

"Oh, we'll be sure to get there safe now. I tell you the way I reason. Vicksburg is the principal upper guard station, and having run the gantlet there successfully there is but little danger of being stopped further down."

"Yes, but those fellows will report us as soon as they get ashore, set the telegraph at work and we'll be caught again."

"I don't think so. They'll be ashamed to acknowledge that six armed men allowed a coalboat to slip by them."

Brown's reasoning proved correct, and our friends met with no further trouble, but delivered the coal in safety at New Orleans.

Although secesh sentiments ran high in the Crescent City, the boatmen found no difficulty in securing passes to return to their homes, and in just eight weeks from the time they left home Jack Leathers, the pilot, and Bill Brown, his assistant, were back in Pittsburg with a round sum of money in their pockets, earned by running a cargo of Yankee coal to New Orleans.—Marlton Downing in Yankee Blade.

Tea for Inmates.

The Wolverhampton guardians evidently take good care that the nerves of the paupers are not weakened by the consumption of strong tea. At the meeting of the board the other day it was mentioned that the price paid for tea for the inmates of the workhouse is one shilling two pence per pound, and that ten pints are made out of one ounce. The statement was received with laughter.—London Tit-Bits.

SAVING THE CAPTAIN.

"LOOSHA" USED TO HAVE MUCH TROUBLE WITH ONE BOARDER.

How She Was Accustomed to Steer Captain Clatterbuck to His Room on the "Top Landing"—What She Did for Him on One Eventful Night—Her Story.

Previously to Loosha's assumption of the reins of management at No. 999 Middleclass Flats, our present domestic treasure occupied the position of house and parlor maid at Billit's. Billit's is a lodging house of the most approved respectability, situated in the classic neighborhood of the British museum. At Billit's gentlemen are "taken in" by the month or quarter, "found" and "done for," and in this orbit Loosha revolved with sharp and winking brilliancy for the space of seven years. Loosha's trenchant manner was formed during this regime; her eye acquired its gimlet-like properties; her bosom developed its adamantine qualities of resistance to wheedlements or "comeovers" on the part of the opposite sex.

"Human nature is human nature," as Loosha's mother, Mrs. Hemman's, is wont to say, "and men but men, call 'em what you may;" and, following this example of maternal tolerance, Loosha glides lightly over certain episodes in her life at Billit's, when lodgers returned home in the small hours, as Loosha puts it, "a bit 'appy." When such a one proved incapable of controlling his language or his boots within the proper limits, Loosha's services were enlisted for the dual purpose of pacifying the backslider and getting him up stairs. Loosha's ready presence of mind and highstrung spirit would be invaluable, one can understand, in moments of emergency.

There is no human doubt that but for her Captain Clatterpen (Loosha's short for Clutterbuck, which really is his name) would not at this present moment be "adroring the bereth of life." Captain Clatterpen had regularly for years laid into Billit's docks when ashore for the needful overhauling. The captain was grizzled, thick set, elderly, a stanch Presbyterian and an admirable seaman. He had but one failing.

Somewhere about the small hours of the morning a shuffling sound would be heard upon the doorstep of Billit's, a puff of old Jamaica through the letter slip would succeed an aimless period of fumbling with the latch key, and the inmates of Billit's would be startled from their slumbers by a nautical bellow, "Of 'ship a-hoil!" says Loosha. "Like the fog'orn of a penny steamboat it sounded, and 'Old your noise, Capt'in Clatterpen, do!' Mrs. Billit 'ud say, lettin down the chain. Then in 'e'd tumble as 'appy as you please. There was only one way o' gettin 'im up stairs, and that I called the candle charm. It was done by 'oldin the candle very near 'is face till 'is eyes began to water an 'is whiskers smell like singein an then droring of it a little way back, when 'e'd stagger arter it like a pessimized subjec'.

"One night, when 'e was as bad as ever I remember to 'a' seen 'im, I lured 'im up stairs in this way till I got 'im on the top landin, where his bedroom was, close to the iron ladder that run up to the fire escape trap in the roof. I got 'im into 'is armcheer, took off 'is collar, an raked out the fire, collared 'is matches, give 'im a soothin shake an left 'im. Then I goes down to set Mrs. Billit's 'art at rest before goin to bed myself, as slep' on the same top landin with that old peach. Up I comes again in ten minutes' time. Lo and be'old you! Wot does I see but 'is door wide open, and, simpularly, the roof trap, with the stars blinkin through. Next minute I 'ears the capt'in's heavy footmarks jouncin on the leads over'ed. Up the ladder I 'ops and puts out my 'ed.

"Though I knowed 'e was there it give me a turn to see 'im staggerin up an down amongst the chimbley pots. Before I could breathe my lips 'e turns an sees me. 'A 'oy!' sezee. 'Ow's the wind, boszm?' 'Blowin 'round the corner!' says I, knowin 'e must be humored. At that 'e gives a lurch as nearly carried 'im over the parapet. 'Lay 'er 'ed to it,' sezee; 'an d'jeer! Fetch me my night glass from the cabin!' Which you've 'ad one too many at this identical moment, thinks I, but I says to 'im coaxin'ly: 'Go on! Wot comfort is there in 'avin it up 'ere? Come down an mix for yourself, capt'in.' 'Wot do you mean, you son of a seed cake?' sezee in a tearin rage. 'Do you think I'm goin to send my ship an crew an cargo to Davy Joseph's locket?' sezee, 'by stoppin under 'atches on a dirty night like this?' 'Dirty or not,' says I, 'you won't clean it by stoppin up 'ere amongst the blacks!' 'Shiver my tops,' sezee, 'if I ever 'eard such mut'nus langwidge in the 'ole course of my 'xperience. I'll stop your grog, you'— (and to repeat 'is language would be to demean myself). 'I'll put you in irons or my name ain't Joshua Clatterpen.' 'Come an do it!' says I, tauntin 'im an poppin down the ladder agin.

"Breathin fire and slaughter, 'e sets down on the edge of the trap 'ole, drops 'is legs through an begins to come down the ladder. 'A ned wind an a nevey sea,' 'e growls; ''ow she pitches, the cussed old 'ulk! ''ow she rolls! dom 'er old dead lights!' Which shows the sort of female 'is mind was running on. An then I jumps sky 'igh, for 'e misses 'is footin an come down on the landin with a crash an bellow that brought all the lodgers out of their beds as pale as ashes, thinkin it's the last trunk. The shock sobered Capt'in Clatterpen, for 'e picked 'isself up, nip an went off to bed as mild as milk. Though stiff in the joints next day, which is nothin to what e'd 'a' been if 'e hadn't fell into the 'ouse instead of off it, as 'e would 'a' done but for me.

"An I always have said, an ever shall," Loosha is wont to wind up, "if it was with my passin breath, that a garden angel couldn't 'a' done more for a man than I did for Capt'in Clatterpen that identical night."—St. James Gazette.

Nervous Exhaustion.

The ultimate nutrients of the body, whether of the muscles, membranes, nerve or cerebral substances, are the cells. These cells select the appropriate nourishment from the blood, assimilate it and throw off the debris—the poisonous waste, always fatal if unduly retained.

No other organ is so constantly in action as the nervous system. It is never fully at rest, day or night. The cells of every tissue must be kept incessantly at work. Every thought, feeling, purpose, volition, every excitement of pleasure, pain or passion, all concentration of mind in study, business or care, uses up brain substance and transforms it into waste product.

In normal mental action this waste is taken care of and duly eliminated; but in prolonged excessive mental activity the waste accumulates, and, according to Dr. Cowles, acts as a poison to the nerves themselves, interfering with their normal action.

An early result is simple fatigue of the brain, which rest may soon relieve; at a later stage, the overactivity being longer continued, there is excessive irritability and weakness of the nervous system. The tendency is always toward grave mental disease, often merging into insanity.

Among the physical signs are tremor of the face, tongue and hands; but the earliest and most important signs are mental symptoms—melancholy and mental depression. The disease, to be easily arrested, should be treated early.—Youth's Companion.

Trained Cats.

I have been a cat fancier all my life, and I have had some of the most affectionate and some of the cleverest cats that ever adorned the domestic hearth of man; but the Canterbury cats were a revelation. Fancy over a dozen sleek, handsome pussy cats walking the tight rope, blowing a trumpet, holding up a bottle between their paws and drinking out of it, jumping through hoops of fire and generally performing feats which would make even Tom Jennings' acrobat take a back seat and ask the Link boy to go first with the light. I would not have believed such a performance as that gone through by Mr. Leoni Clarke's feline friends possible had I not seen it.

Talk about infant prodigies, you should see what his kittens can do! Little Josef Hofmann and Master Otto Hegner would be proud to acknowledge them as brothers in art.

The entire show is a marvelous example of what can be done even with the most unpromising animals by patience and kindness. The climax is reached when two cats, at a simple word of command, go up onto a rope stretched across the entire length of the hall and as high as the roof, and coolly walk across it, pretending to fall in the middle and executing with most perfect address all the little tricks with which M. Blondin used to heighten the excitement of his performance.—London Referee.

The Scientists' Debt to Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the most earnest and tireless of scientists. His discoveries are classed among the most remarkable of the age. They were as extensive and brilliant as they were deep and mysterious. He outran the most celebrated English electricians in the race for new discoveries. He gave form and dignity to the science of electricity, and raised the science to a high rank among the most useful and distinguished, and also gave it a philosophic standing second to none of the discoveries of the Eighteenth century. To Benjamin Franklin are due many of the most useful discoveries in electricity. His clear eyes of prophecy saw the glorious triumph of his favorite science, and somewhere he may be watching the grand illuminations resulting from his successful efforts in bottling a flash of lightning. He was the first man to succeed in imprisoning the mysterious currents of electricity.—New York Telegram.

Why Livery Stable Men Trust.

Sometimes it seems a little strange that the one business in which a dealer seldom asks for a deposit in advance from a customer whom he does not know is the one in which a very valuable article is given confidently into the customer's hands. This is the livery stable business. A stranger appears, asks for a horse and carriage, receives them and nothing is said, except in rare instances, about his responsibility.

The reason is that there is very little likelihood in any civilized country that any one will undertake to steal a horse and carriage. Civilization and officers of the law have made it next to impossible to dispose of a stolen horse and escape capture.

The same principle makes certain extremely valuable diamonds almost perfectly safe property.—London Tit-Bits.

Women Who Are Posted.

There are women, and those, too, who do not aspire to public offices, who know as much about the silver question and other subjects of national interest as men. The affairs of the country interest them deeply. If I wanted a question in political economy explained I know of women within a stone's throw who could satisfactorily instruct me. Just men with brains are willing to admit that the old argument of woman's inability to understand national affairs had never a grain of truth in it. That they did not understand was once more or less correct, but that they could not was always a mistake.—Eleanor Kirk in Chicago Citizen.

Going It Too Fast.

Guest—Now I'll take some ice cream to top off with—three flavors.

Waiter—Your bill is seventy-five cents already, sir.

Guest—What of that?

Waiter—Why, you see, sir, mixed ice cream is twenty cents, and you'll probably give me a dollar to pay the check, and that'll leave only five cents for me.—New York Weekly.

LOOKING FOR A JOB.

Feelings of a Young Woman Who Was Thrown on Her Own Resources.

The first place I applied for was a position as governess, in answer to an advertisement that "A young lady of refinement who could teach so and so would find a good home, with small wages. Call between 10 and 12."

I rose at light the next morning and compelled myself to eat a biscuit and drink a cup of milk. I was boarding myself then; that is, I lived in a tiny room and kept the spirit in the body with break and milk and cookies and sometimes chipped beef. I began to tremble hours before it was time to go. I thought it would be necessary to look as well as possible, so I arranged my hair in the most becoming way, with soft curls over my too high forehead, and put on my pretty best blue dress and a choice bit of lace at the throat. I had a few such things left. Then I surveyed myself, a piece at a time, in the tiny glass and my heart sank. I looked hopelessly young and girlish. No one would ever dream of harboring such a governess. Why, I could not govern anything larger than a year-old baby, who could be kissed and cuddled and chirruped into good humor.

Then I began all over again, took off the blue dress and lace and smoothed back my hair, which was naturally wavy and full of kinks, by wetting and brushing it vigorously, and fastened it down with a black band. I donned my plain old black dress and a stiff linen collar. Oh, if I were only taller! I tried putting chips in the heels of my shoes, but the effect was scarcely perceptible; besides, I reasoned that I could not endure that right along should the position be obtained, so I took them out. Well, the result was hardly satisfactory, but it was the best I could do, and that high white forehead, without a stray lock to soften it, did look, I thought, decidedly solemn and dignified. Then I practiced before the mirror to secure an expression "mild, but firm," and at 9:45 I started out; oh, no! I mean I walked majestically forth, at least I tried to.

The street and number were noted on a slip of paper in my pocket, but that was an unnecessary precaution. Was there any danger of my ever forgetting that number—"1419 Highton avenue, south?" It had sung itself over to me all that morning and the previous evening to all the tunes from "Yankee Doodle" to "Suwanee River." It had seemed as though the whole army of the world's inhabitants lived on Highton avenue at 1419. I moved up the avenue with what I imagined was a stately bearing. Who was there to know that my knees knocked together? The first sight of the handsome stone house filled me with dismay. I walked slowly by, as if the idea of stopping had never occurred to me. Then I flouted at my own weakmindedness, turned, got as far as the lower step off the street, then, in a very panic of dismay, wheeled and passed on. I turned once more, with some uncomplimentary reflections upon my own folly, and forgetting my dignity in impetuous haste, ran up the steps and touched the bell. How idiotically I hoped that they might not be at home or that the bell might fail to work. But no, the door opened.

I was ushered in, and after a few moments the lady appeared, bringing with her two of the offspring of the house, evidently to pass their opinion upon the article displayed for their approval. The older was an overdressed girl of about fourteen, who surveyed me with haughty condescension. The other was a large boy of twelve years, with long yellow curls hanging nearly to his waist. The mother questioned me about my attainments, while the young lady indifferently turned the leaves of a book and the young gentleman stared at me. She was pleased to know of my proficiency in French and painting, but I seemed so young and inexperienced: had I been accustomed to teaching? I was obliged to confess that I had not. She had misgivings. Her son was ill a great deal and required indulgence with wise training. I did not wonder at his illness, looking at those ridiculous babyish curls on that great boy in trousers. I thought his malady must be contagious. I began to feel extremely indisposed myself. And her daughter, she continued, was very mature for her years, and sometimes, perhaps, exacting and——

"Mamma," murmured the daughter languidly, "please do not humiliate me before a servant."

Quite mature!

On the whole, my lady thought I would hardly suit, and she blandly wished me good morning.—Kate Field's Washington.

Curiosities in Bookbinding.

Extravagance in binding has frequently furnished an opening for the display of fantastic tricks and fads. In a bookseller's catalogue at hand, as I write, is an advertisement of a Latin copy of Apulein's "Golden Ass," bound in the skin of a Jerusalem ass, the leather being still unhaired. A book by Jeffery Hudson, the noted dwarf, was bound in the silk waistcoat of Charles I, the dwarf's patron saint. A de luxe edition of Fox's historical works, specially fitted up for Edwards, the philosopher, was bound throughout in foxskin, forty-seven pelts of these little animals being required to complete the job. O'Connell, who so delighted in the possession of a first edition of Bacon's works, had the entire set rebound in pigskin, and always lovingly referred to them as his "Baconrind" books.—St. Louis Republic.

On the Cheap.

A.—Fraulein Toni must be buying in on a large scale; I see her nearly every day coming out of one shop and going into another.

B.—Nothing of the kind! She only calls at those establishments where foreign languages are spoken, talks a bit of French without buying anything and thereby saves the expense of conversation lessons.—Blatter und Bluthen.

Better Than He Expected.

Boston has the reputation of being a city of unusual culture. No doubt this reputation is deserved; but Bostonians do not, as the humorous paragraphers so frequently intimate, converse in the street in Greek or conduct their business affairs in Latin. This was just the impression, however, which a visitor to the modern Athens recently received.

He was from one of the mountain districts of the south and was visiting Boston for the first time. He strolled about the city, taking in its sights, getting lost in its winding streets and thoroughly enjoying himself.

He was walking, shortly after his arrival, along the lower part of Washington street, when the old statehouse, nestling so demurely among its neighbors, attracted his attention. He did not know that he was standing before one of the oldest and most historic buildings in America.

Situated as it is in the busy part of a business street, he took it simply for a store of some kind, differing from those about it only in being far less pretentious. In fact, he did not notice the building itself so much as the words that stood out in large gilt letters across its front.

This inscription, which was very properly placed on the venerable building some years ago, is the motto of the state. It shows at once the spirit of liberty that dominated our forefathers, and the troublous times through which the young republic had to pass before its independence was secured. It reads, "Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

The stranger gazed at the mysterious words for some time, spelling them out forward and backward, but utterly failed to extract any meaning from them. Finally he called to a newsboy who was hurrying by, "Say, bub, what's that say up there."

"Why," said the boy, "that's Latin."

"Well," replied the southerner, a look of admiration overspreading his face, "I've heard a pile, first and last, about the edjication of this 'ere town, but I low I never reckoned as how they painted their signs in the dead languages."—Youth's Companion.

A Memorable Square Meal.

"If a man is blessed with a good appetite," said Mr. Staybolt, "he can get along comfortably for quite a spell without terrapin; there may be times, indeed, when he will find the delights of a banquet in a very simple meal. I remember a day in the army, for instance, when, after we had been for weeks without fresh vegetables of any sort, there was issued to the regiment a ration of potatoes. It so happened that on the same day the sutler had onions. There were in our tent four men. We got the company cook to give us our rations of potatoes and of salt pork uncooked, and we bought onions of the sutler. We had at that time an old saucepan that one of us had picked up somewhere. We got out the saucepan, and cut up the pork and boiled it until it was about half done. Then we put in the onions and then the potatoes, which we had cut up in large pieces as nearly as possible uniform in size, so that they would all be done at the same time.

"While one man looked after the fire another attended to the cooking. The other two sat on the ground and applauded—that is, they sniffed the air whenever the lid was taken off the saucepan and looked at each other and at the two men by the fire and smiled.

"When the stew was nearly done we put in a few hardtack to soften, and when after a formal inspection by each man it had been officially declared done the cook lifted the saucepan from the fire and set it on the ground. The two men who had the least to do had been holding their plates and spoons for fifteen minutes.

"Good? It makes me laugh whenever I think of it."—New York Sun.

Dangerous Symptoms.

The indisposition caused by overmuch brain work, or a too prolonged attention to business, is very insidious in its advance. When once fairly established, its symptoms are patent enough to the invalid, and rest then becomes imperative. In fact, he is "knocked out of time," so to speak, and wishes then he had noted his failing powers before, and laid down his pen or closed his ledger.

When, then, is the rest cure indicated? Probably one of the earliest signs is slight dyspepsia, which cannot be attributed to errors in diet, want of fresh air, etc. It is a nervous kind of atonic dyspepsia, sometimes combined with acidity from liver sympathy. There is not the same relish for food, and so relief from this state is sought for in piquant relishes, wine or tea.

Another symptom is an uneasy or tired feeling about the head, fullness it may be, or sleeplessness and stupidity, especially after eating. The brow is often hot, so is the top of the head, and the hand is pressed wearily across the eyes. Life begins to lose its brightness, then things begin to go a trifle wrong, and there are moments of peevishness and irritability. Lowness of spirits is succeeded by want of sleep.

There is danger ahead, if not indeed close at hand, and happy is he who sees the signal in time, I say most emphatically in time, for, effective though the rest cure may be, there is a point of divergence from the path of health, beyond which no one can go with the slightest hopes of return or recovery. I pray none of my readers may ever reach this point.—Cassel's Family Doctor.

Taking Photographs Under Water.

It is quite possible to take photographs under water. In 1883 a submarine observatory was constructed by Signor Toselli at Naples, enabling visitors to see the bottom of the sea. It was a steel chamber with plate glass floors and a collapsing float to sink it to different depths. It carried eight persons and was illuminated inside by electric light, while telephones communicated with the shore. It was of course quite possible to take photographs inside it beneath the water.—Spare Moments.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla

is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.

Cures Others will cure you.

Pete Mason and Lloyd Anderson were killed and several others injured by a boiler explosion at Milan, Tenn.

Miss Allison of Corey, Pa., attempted suicide by jumping into Niagara rapids. She was rescued.

A premature explosion in a coal mine at Vandalia, Ills., caused fatal injuries to Pat Galvin.

David Parker whacked a burglar on the head with a chair at his home in Council Bluffs. The burglar got away, but was arrested later when having a scalp wound dressed. He proved to be Peter Knecht, a well known criminal.

John St. Jermaine of Chadron, Neb., beat Dr. McDougal, of whom he was jealous, nearly to death. John King was given a warrant for St. Jermaine's arrest. The latter showed fight and King shot him dead.

When Cyrus Field came home from his trip around the world ten years ago his yearly income was $300,000. It is doubtful whether his five children will succeed to anything save his life insurance of about $275,000.

A huge rock fell in the Pratt mine at Birmingham, Ala., and killed two men.

Charles Brenner, a Green Bay, Wis., harness maker, aged about 60 years, jumped into the Fox river and drowned himself. A brother of his committed suicide in Milwaukee two years ago.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—J T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Daixiel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N V Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 3907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 357 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 2456 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3023 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 421 W Ohio st; D B Hanson, R S, 323 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J F Nihiel, Treas; Dr F H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 471 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 384 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J P Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; F Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill.—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deallaulet, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuser, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWhanie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 1st and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 25—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E S Asbenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 32 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S, 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebrecht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtosh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] st; Edward Cunningham, F S; Wm Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitta, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Fuesy, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 394 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L. Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Daguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 43—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 42—Peter Mueller, C R, 906 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Semmers, R S, 597 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P M Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hotton, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiemboch, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brocciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; F B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemilson, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 446 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews Rec. sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. sec.; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5259 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rst Sunday of month at 8 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—William Sullivan, Pres. 130 Ly le st.; Patrick Carmody, V-P.; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec., 3442 Mark field av; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Riordin, Treas. Meet at 444 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; James McDermott, Rec. Sec., 302 North Branch; P. J. O'sullivan, Fin. Sec.; D. J. Mahoney, Treas. Meet third Sunday each month, at 8 p m, cor Clark and Michigan sts.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., S. Chicago; P. C. Fleming, V. P.; Thomas White, Rec Sec., S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Hesseman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—John B. O'Connor, Pres., 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P.; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O Brien, Fin sec.; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, 3 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st; M. E. Lynch, V.-P., T. J. Lamb, Rec. Sec., 578 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Corcoran, Treas. Meets 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts., 8 p m.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V. P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 8 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Lawrence Henely; Rec. Sec., Con Houlihan, 37 Swift place; Fin. Sec., Wm Houlihan; Treas., Michael Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh st. and Armour av.

Div. No. 18—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., Daniel Daly; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 820 Thirty-seventh st, Fin. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first Thursday of each month at 3753 S. Halsted st., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; John F. Geoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4604 Ashland av; M. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Geoghegan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p. m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

Div. No. 26—Pres, P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Kerr; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 345 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, James Dolan, Pullman; V P, Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3312 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; Rec sec, James Gannon, 3756 Union av; Fin sec, Michael Hughes; Treas, M. Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month cor 35th st. and Emerald av.

Div. No. 36—Pres, John T. Keating, 3627 Jackson av; V. P., W. A. Cunnes; Rec. sec., W. F. McMahon, 1935 Stoney Island av; Fin. Sec., P. D. Ryan; Treas., J. J. Egan. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Downey, 6359 Honore V P, Thos Kelly; Rec Sec, Michael McDermott, 6136 Wallace st; Fin Sec, M B Hoey; Treas, C. McInerney. Meet 2d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 66th st. at 3 p m.

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Div. 2—Pres, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3535 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-Pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 156 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Donnelly; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p. m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, Joan J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-Pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 31st st; Fin sec, Thos. Moran Treas, Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourt; Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Brooks st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 286 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cook, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T

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Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12 50 We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00

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Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $35.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14 35.

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15 THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles, and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the finenes and delicacy of antique lace Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

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Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

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No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12 25

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U S assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17 75. This is a Waltham or Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

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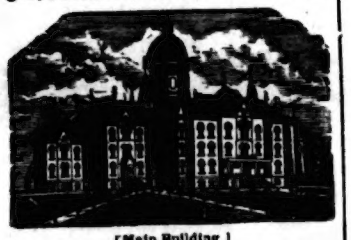

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